HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXX.—No. 1526.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1886.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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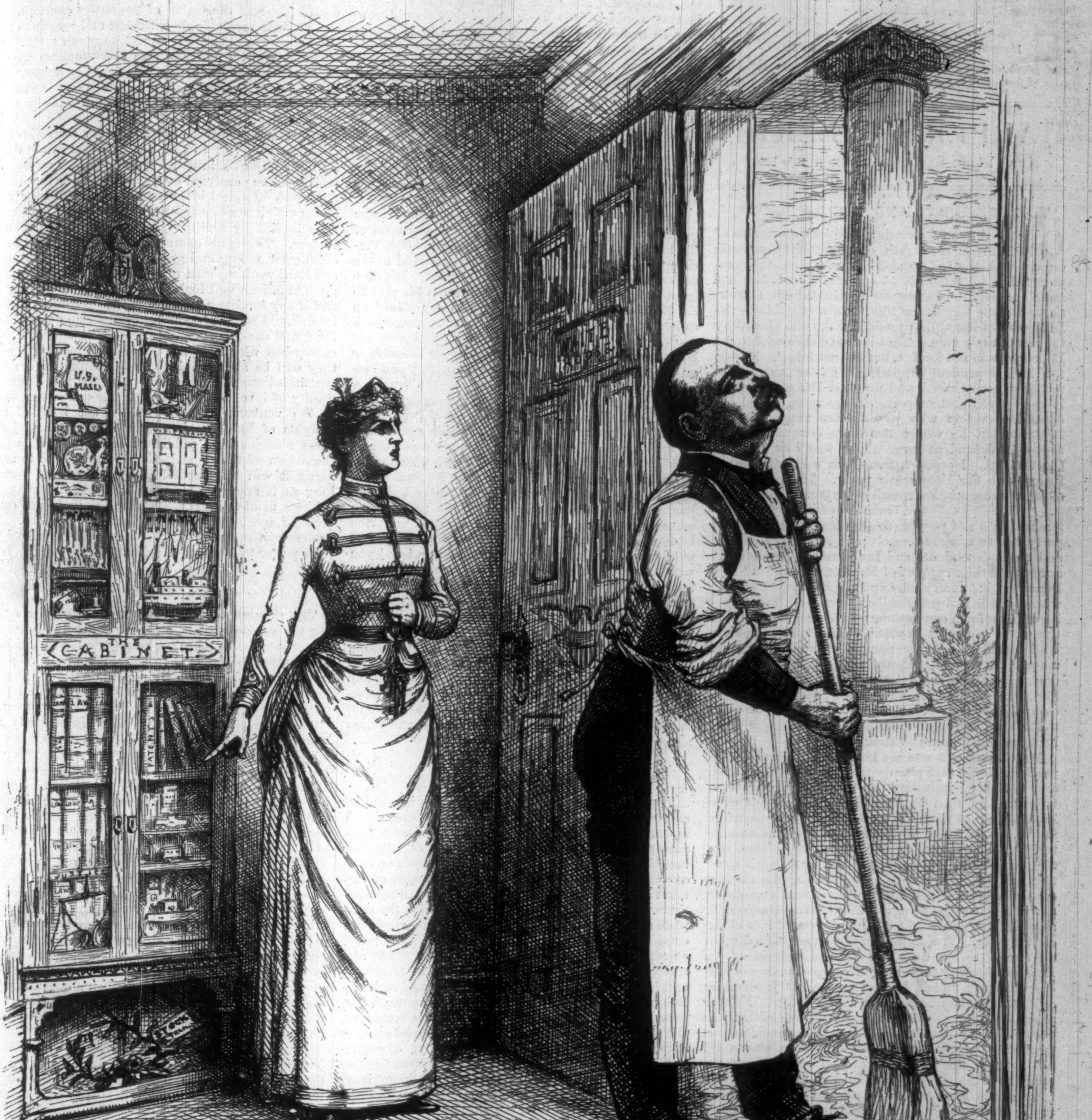
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Of the ten articles that go to make up the current number, the principal are the third and concluding instalment of "René," "Uncle Jack's Hobby" (which is an interesting and instructive article on the principle of the steam-engine), "The Rose-crested Cockatoo," a practical article on the care and training of parrots, and a long instalment of "Jo's Opportunity."

The chief illustrations are a front-page accompanying "René," a drawing by Culmer Barnes, *a fine drawing of the rose-crested cockatoo by* A. F. Lydon, *and four illustrations by* Jessie McDermott *to accompany her pretty poem entitled "What the Grandmothers say."*

Other illustrations are by Jessie Shepherd, W. T. Smedley, Gray-Parker, *and* Frank Bellew.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 20, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE BOURBONS.

ONE of the most amusing political spectacles of the time is the wrath of Bourbon Democratic organs with the Independent Republicans who supported Mr. **Cleveland**. The simple and familiar facts are that the Democrats nominated Mr. **Cleveland** because they knew him to be acceptable to the Independent Republicans, and that he was elected by the aid of their vote. That is the offence which the Bourbons will not forgive, but cannot forget. Except for the Independent support, Mr. **Cleveland** would not have been elected, and no other Democrat would have received that support. There were, indeed, Independent voters who would have supported Mr. **Bayard**, but he would not have commanded the united Independent vote, which was cast for Mr. **Cleveland**. Moreover, there was no Independent fusion with the Democratic party. The conference of Republicans and Independents expressly disclaimed it. "Such Republicans," said the address of the conference, "do not propose to abandon the Republican party nor to merge themselves in any other party," and the Independents and Independent Republicans announced their support of Mr. **Cleveland**, not as a Democrat, but as an honest and vigorous public officer, whose career had practically proved both the sincerity of his reform convictions and his courage to resist the worst and most Bourbon elements of his party. Undoubtedly the Democratic party supplied the great mass of the votes that elected Mr. **Cleveland**, but undoubtedly also those votes were not enough to elect him. His slender plurality in the State of New York secured his election. But had the Independents in that State taken any course but that of voting for him, he would have been defeated.

Mr. **Cleveland** was no less frank than the Independents. He said plainly that he was a Democrat, and that his administration would be Democratic. Of course he must be the judge of what that word implied, and of what the platform of the Convention meant. For upon no actual public question, the tariff, the currency, or administrative reform, was the Democratic party agreed. Upon no such question did the election turn. The Democratic canvass consisted of denunciation of Republican corruption and of a general and vague promise of reform, which, as with **Jackson**, might mean a universal loot of the civil service. The Republican canvass turned upon an appeal to the deep and natural distrust of the Democratic party, and upon the apprehension of specific disasters, which, however, were not justified by any Democratic manifesto or actual policy. Neither party stood for a definite course, and the election was decided by the fact that the Democratic candidate was personally trusted by Independent voters who could not support the Republican candidate. From the moment of the election the Bourbon and reactionary force of the Democratic party sought to appropriate the result to its own profit, and to coerce the President to abandon his own views and purposes by the practical threat of leaving him without a party. An important part of this Bourbon effort has been that last resource of ineffable silliness, sneering at the demand for honesty in politics as Miss Nancyism, unmanliness, and Phariseeism—as if fraud and bribery and corruption and treachery and venality of every kind were so much manlier and braver and better than honesty and pluck—and warning the President, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* warns him, that the Independents "can lose the Administration a party and cannot make a party for it." In other words, it warns the President that if he respects the understanding upon which alone he was elected, he will be abandoned by the Democratic party. It is precisely because that Bourbon tendency and spirit in the Democratic party were perfectly well known to Independent voters that they carefully disclaimed any Democratic fusion.

The Democratic Bourbons are furious with the Independent or Mugwump press for holding the President to be very much "better than his party." But how could that press possibly help perceiving the most obvious fact in the situation? For a quarter of a century Democratic counsels and conduct in general had illustrated every kind and degree of political stupidity. The very quality in Mr. **Cleveland** that commanded Independent support was his superiority to such counsels, and his ability to withstand the Bourbonism which the Brooklyn *Eagle* represents—in other words, the fact that he had proved himself to be better than his party, and if elected might be trusted not to yield to its worst tendencies. Could the Democratic Bourbons have had their way, Mr. **Blaine** would be President; and if they should now succeed in bullying President **Cleveland** into subservience to their will, their party will go out of administration much more decisively than it came in. The Democratic party is not strong enough to save itself if in deference to the supposed necessity of its support the President should show that his allegiance to party is stronger than his fidelity to conviction. The Independent vote gave the Democratic party the opportunity of proving whether the deep distrust of its ascendency, founded upon its tradition of hostility to freedom and equal rights, was justified, or whether there was a new Democratic party represented by Mr. **Cleveland**. In the actual political situation it was most desirable to ascertain that fact. One quarter of the term of the administration has ended. The President has held stoutly to his convictions and to the understanding upon which he was elected. But during the year of immense resistance upon his part to the Bourbon Democratic bullying he has received no united support from his party. Its conspicuous leaders have been lukewarm; a large part of its press has hardly concealed its hostility; the general Democratic attitude has been apologetic and explanatory and hesitating; and now at the close of the year the Brooklyn *Eagle*, one of the chief Democratic organs in the President's own State, and a fair exponent of Democratic opinion, serves upon him unmistakable notice that he must choose between the Democratic party and "political eunuchs," meaning those with whose views of reform the President agrees. The *Eagle* is indignant that he does not resent the "effusive and insolent and preposterous praise" of these people, with whose "organized hypocrisy" it declares that the Democratic party "will not fellowship." If dirt were trumps, said **Charles Lamb**, what a hand you would hold! The Democratic Bourbons may rage furiously together, but the truth remains that whether or not an Administration can succeed without a party, the character of Mr. **Cleveland** as a sagacious and patriotic statesman, like that of Sir **Robert Peel** when he lost the favor of the Tories without gaining that of the Whigs, will depend, not upon the support of the Democratic party, but upon that sincerity and courage and fidelity to conviction which alone secured his election, which have won him the confidence of intelligent citizens despite parties, and which alone can secure necessary reforms.

THE STRIKES.

There is one aspect under which the late street-railroad strike in New York is to be considered which is worthy the attention of intelligent leaders in such movements. We allude to the breach of faith, the breaking of a pledge, between the employés and the companies. A few weeks ago the employés of certain roads demanded certain concessions, and received them. They thereupon went to work with the complete and honorable understanding in each case that, except for violation of the compact by the company, or refusal of the company to entertain further reasonable propositions, the work should be faithfully and honestly performed. But without any such violation or refusal, and without any difference whatever between these companies and their employés, the employés stopped work upon the demand of other employés differing with another company. The question is not whether the other employés were right or wrong in their demands. They certainly do not seem to us to have been unreasonable. But it was not a dispute which concerned the employés who had settled their own differences with their companies, and had virtually pledged their faith not to injure the companies.

The explanation offered is that all railroad employés of a certain kind belong to an organization whose regularly authorized orders they must obey. If this fact is known to the employing companies, they know, of course, that every arrangement which they make with their employés is subject to the revision of this general organization, and the obedience of the employés to the commands of that organization cannot be regarded as a breach of faith, as it certainly is, unless the fact that the employés of a railroad can make no binding settlement with the company is well understood. But if this be the fact, the intelligent leader of whom we speak can see the inevitable consequences. Men will not invest money in enterprises where profits depend upon labor if the observance of contracts which they make for labor depends upon the making of other contracts of which they have no knowledge or control. When confidence is completely shaken, and capital sees that it cannot know under what conditions and at what risks it is investing itself, it will, of course, not venture, and the demand for labor will be stopped.

It is no reply to say that capital oppresses labor, and that men cannot live upon starvation wages. Certainly they cannot. But however true this may be, it is just as true that general remunerative employment is impossible without confidence, and that confidence depends upon honor and good faith and respect for the common welfare. Thousands of honest and innocent hard workers were put to loss by the general "tie up." The same course in other business would paralyze the traffic of the entire community, and produce incalculable suffering and wrong to the poorest persons in it. It would do much more. It would spread an alarm whose consequences would be most fatal to those who live by daily wages. If because the Dry-Dock Railroad cannot come to terms with its employés the business of the whole city is to be suspended, and an uneasy anticipation of unknown mischief is to precipitate a panic, every man who has money will be very careful not to invest it, not only in the Dry-Dock Railroad, but in any other enterprise which can be paralyzed by the same power that stops that road. Capital will certainly not invest itself in forms which are exposed to the chances of mobs and riots incited by arbitrary and wholly irresponsible leaders. This is the common-sense view. There are often great wrong and great suffering among honest and hard-working men and women. But no intelligent American will look upon anarchy as a remedy, and if any foreigner suggests it, the intelligent American should be able to answer him. The demand for labor and the opportunity to labor both end when the enterprises which require labor are abandoned, and they will be abandoned when the situation is such that it is impossible to count upon the peaceful continuity of labor and to calculate the probable results of the venture. Mr. **Powderly**, the head of the Knights of Labor, makes some moderate and judicious remarks in a published interview, and when the action of the organization is conformed to such views, it will be regarded with more favor. But so long as it appears as a mere despotism, forcing its subjects to obey a mandate which they do not comprehend, it will be judged like other despotisms. Its leaders will understand that they must be judged by their power to lead and the direction of their leading.

OPEN THE DOORS.

The argument of Mr. **Edmunds**'s speech in opening the debate upon the papers is absolutely incontrovertible. But there are some practical considerations which he omitted to state, which are of great importance. Undoubtedly papers on file in the public offices are parts of the public records, and they can not be rightfully withheld from the representatives of the people. The President is certainly not bound to give reasons for the exercise of his power of appointment and removal, but the transmission of public papers to Congress is not a revelation of the reasons which have influenced his action. He can act without papers, and papers on file contain only statements of fact, or arguments for a specific use of his power. But that is all. They are not the records of his reasons, and the conclusions drawn from them may be wholly incorrect. They are not to be withheld for any such reasons. But in point of fact, and in consequence of an accepted tradition, are there not such papers which cannot be honorably disclosed? Mr. **Edmunds** says that official papers are papers addressed to a public officer, as such, upon public business. He holds that Mr. **Sherman** could not properly treat as his own or destroy a paper addressed to him as President of the Senate upon a question pending before the Senate. The reason, however, is not that Mr. **Sherman** is President of the Senate, but that he is a public officer.

Mr. **Edmunds**, as a Senator, is also a public officer. Would he hold that any letter whatever which he may receive regarding any appointment pending before the Senate, and addressed to him as a Senator, may be rightfully demanded by the Senate for its inspection? Are there not such letters which he might justly hold to be private and confidential, and not honorably to be disclosed? It ought not to be so, and it should be made impossible hereafter, but is it not a fact? A tradition as absolute as that which requires a Presidential elector, against the very purpose of the fundamental law which creates him, to vote for a particular candidate and not at his own discretion, has arisen in regard to certain papers which fall under Mr. **Edmunds**'s definition of public papers. They are letters concerning appointments and removals written to the President or to a Senator in implicit confidence. By a common and accepted understanding and custom they are papers of the most private character, which neither President nor Senator, conscious of the understanding, can honorably expose. Yet they fall under Mr. **Edmunds**'s definition, and are therefore properly part of the public records. The remedy is not retroactive but prospective. It is a declaration by the President that he will hereafter regard all such letters as public documents, and always open upon proper occasion to public inspection.

Mr. Edmunds's whole argument against Presidential secrecy is an argument against the secrecy of the Senate. The Senate does not demand to see public papers on file in the public offices for itself, but for the people. By what authority does it hide from the people knowledge of their own affairs? Denouncing the President for trying to conceal from the Senate knowledge to which it is entitled, by what right does the Senate assume to conceal the same knowledge from the country? If the Senate may rightfully demand to see all the papers relating to appointments and removals, how much more rightfully may the people demand to see them? Let the doors be opened. While the Senate is calling the President to account for secrecy, the country is arraigning the Senate for the same offence. The people have a right to know who it is that assumes on their behalf to recommend appointments and removals, and they have an equal right to know why the Senate consents to the displacement of good officers and to the appointment of unfit officers. Did the Senate ask for papers in the case of Rasin in Baltimore? And if not, why not? If it could trust the President in nominating Rasin, why not in suspending Duskin? Or did it confirm Mr. Rasin because Senator Gorman said that it was all right? If the Senate can trust Senator Gorman in such matters, can it give one plausible reason for not trusting President Cleveland? And in the next Presidential campaign shall we have the edifying spectacle of Senators going upon the stump to cite, as evidences of the President's betrayal of reform, nominations like Rasin's which they themselves confirmed? This whole wretched game should be ended at once by opening the doors. Mr. Edmunds says that the Senate is the same whether sitting with open or closed doors; undoubtedly; and as public opinion would not tolerate closing the doors upon a silver debate, so it demands opening the doors when the debate is upon confirming a henchman of Senator Gorman's. In this controversy with the President the Senate may wisely recall the fact that the pot did not purify itself by calling the kettle black.

AN UNWISE BILL.

Senator Wilson, of Iowa, has introduced a bill to double the rate of postage upon fourth-class mail matter, against the passage of which the Legislature of Iowa is reported to have protested unanimously. The present rate is sixteen cents per pound, and the change would raise the charge to letter postage. The express companies would undoubtedly rejoice in the passage of such a bill, but we know no other interest that would be gratified. The great general business interests of the country warmly oppose the bill.

The argument drawn from the deficit of the Post-office Department is inapplicable, because the purpose of that department is to facilitate communication of every kind between different parts of the country, and to do in this very matter of carrying parcels what private enterprise would not undertake. It takes into consideration the immense extent of the country, the diffusion of population, and the good policy not only of carrying letters and papers, but seeds and small merchandise, to the solitary settlers upon the remote frontier.

Of course it is desirable that the department should be self-sustaining, but this good end is to be reached in some other way than by refusing to do a part of the service which does not pay. It is better, if such be the alternative, that the distant settler should have his newspaper and parcel than that there should be an annual surplus from the department in the Treasury. But the argument of loss is peculiarly inapplicable, for a despatch to the *Evening Post* says that the Third Assistant Postmaster-General states that in point of fact the fourth-class matter at the present rates is the only class of matter that yields the department a profit. To increase the rate of the fourth-class matter would therefore reduce the revenue. The bill ought to be defeated.

A TIMELY TREATISE.

The most complete and thorough historical study yet made of the spoils system in this country has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons as the fifth number of the publications of the American Historical Association, and it is the work of a woman, Lucy M. Salmon. It shows wide and accurate investigation of all the records upon the subject which are comprised in the annals of Congress, innumerable speeches, reports, pamphlets, and political biographies. The result is a concise but adequate sketch of the progress of the spoils system, under the title of *History of the Appointing Power of the President*, making a very timely and valuable manual of information upon the subject.

The author justly traces the modern origin of the abuse to Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania, and the Council of Appointment in New York. She shows how steadily and fatally it has grown, until the proposal to reform a gross and dangerous abuse was gravely denounced in Congress as a blow at republican institutions. She exposes the essential mischief of the four years law, and points out that the fervor of devotion to reform among public men has generally depended wholly upon the position of their party as in or out of power. The substance of the original debate in the First Congress of 1789 upon the power of removal is fairly given, although the fact is left hardly clear enough that the decision was merely a legislative interpretation of the Constitution, open always to reconsideration, and with the weight of great authorities upon the Constitution quite as much against the early settlement as for it. That settlement was due, in fact, to three very powerful considerations which do not now exist—the fact that parties were not yet organized, that Washington was President, and that Madison warmly advocated the President's sole power of removal. Except for this precise situation the decision would hardly have been made.

The present dispute between the President and the Senate has often arisen, and it was paralleled in 1849, when General Taylor was President. A resolution in the Senate asked him to furnish the charges against officers who had been removed, and the debate turned upon the point whether the President's course had been consistent with his previous professions. The majority said that they would uphold the policy of the President if he would only confess that his reasons for appointment and removal had been political. In 1832 Senator Ewing introduced resolutions stating that removal except for official cause was hostile to the Constitution, and alleging that the Senate ought not to confirm if removal had not been made for adequate cause. The work is comprised in a solid, handsome pamphlet of 116 pages, and it is the most important contribution to the literature of the reform since the publication of Mr. Eaton's *Civil Service in Great Britain*.

PURE PRACTICES.

The Syracuse *Standard* speaks of "the fight made by the Republican majority for the dignity of the Senate and pure practices in the civil service." Does the *Standard* think that the fight was signally illustrated by the Senate's confirmation of Mr. Rasin? True, he was nominated by Mr. Cleveland, but the *Standard* was speaking of the Republican majority, which could have rejected him. To establish pure practices in the civil service by confirming Mr. Rasin was what Mr. Squeers might have called "richness."

EXTRAORDINARY REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

On the 8th of March it was announced that James D. Warren, of Buffalo; Congressman Burleigh, of Whitehall; Chester S. Cole, of Corning, chairman of the Republican State Committee; Charles Hackett, of Utica, chairman of the Executive Committee of the same Committee; ex-Senator George Lord, of Dundee; Silas B. Dutcher, of Brooklyn; ex-Congressman Davy, of Rochester; and C. M. Dennison, of Utica, had arrived in Albany. These worthy gentlemen are all known as professional politicians, and they must henceforth be known also as devoted friends of education, for they had come at their own expense to influence the Republican nomination of a Superintendent of Public Instruction. On the 9th of March the caucus was held, and Mr. A. S. Draper, of Albany, was nominated. Mr. Draper is an equally well-known politician, and his election was opposed in a circular, which was distributed among members of the Legislature, for the reason that he was a doubtful Republican, and had even not worked with ardor for Mr. Blaine in 1884.

It is not evident what all this has to do with the Superintendent of Instruction in New York. Why should the gentlemen whom we have mentioned take as politicians so deep an interest in the selection of the Superintendent? Can it possibly be because the organization of that department extends into every one of the twelve or fifteen thousand school-districts of the State, and enables the chief to establish most convenient and advantageous relations at every point in every county in the most secret and thorough manner, and that such opportunities might be politically useful?

No, this cannot be the reason, because the worthy gentlemen whom we have mentioned are all Sunday-school politicians who do not play naughty little games in politics. The reason of their activity must be their profound interest in the great cause of popular education, especially in the primary schools.

OVERDOING IT.

The Elmira *Advertiser* speaks of the Pan-Electric affair as "the greatest scandal ever known against a member of an American Cabinet." It is a very great scandal undoubtedly, but it is certainly no worse—to use the gentlest phrase—than the post-tradership scandal in the Cabinet of General Grant.

THE REPORT ON THE BROADWAY RAILROAD CONSPIRACY.

The preliminary report upon the Broadway Railroad case is a document of refreshing plainness of speech, calling a sham sham and corruption corruption. It holds that the company never had a legal existence, that it was a mere cover for other companies, that its issues of stock were in violation of law, and that it procured the consent of the Aldermen to the construction of the road by bribery and corruption. For this last opinion the committee offers thus far only circumstantial evidence. But it is conclusive evidence to all who know New York Aldermen and who have read the testimony before the committee.

It is in evidence that the franchise which the Aldermen were bribed to steal from the people of the city would yield a net interest of five per cent. on $10,000,000, and by just so much they lay the burden of heavier payments upon poor people, because to take that amount of revenue from the city is to increase the taxes, which at last come out of the rents and other expenses of the poorest people.

The committee propose that justice should be done, that the criminals should be punished, the fruits of their rascality taken from them, and the property and franchise restored to their owners. They submit bills for these purposes, and express the hope that before their work is done they will have exposed the details of the conspiracy and the crime. The moral value of this investigation and its report is very much greater than that of any property or franchise. It proves to the Tweeds of every kind and degree who are always plotting the plunder of the city that they cannot expect the long immunity which the Tweed gang enjoyed, and that the public spirit and purpose which were aroused by the great frauds in 1872 have not yet fallen asleep again.

PERSONAL.

An interesting incident of the reception at the Mendelssohn Building, in West Fifty-fifth Street, a few days ago, was the exhibition by one of the artists, Mr. R. M. Shurtleff, in addition to some sunny forest interiors, of the flag of his country stained with his own blood that had been shed in its defence, Mr. Shurtleff having been a gallant lieutenant in the late war.

—The inhabitants of the beautiful town of Montclair, New Jersey, pride themselves on the scholarship and intellectual acumen of its young ladies, who have a literary club at which is discussed weekly the respective standing of the principal poets of the world. A short time ago the subject was Dante Alighieri, whose merits and demerits were diligently subjected to the penetrating light of modern criticism; and last week, in the lecture-room of the Congregational church, before a large and interested audience, one of the members of the club stood on the platform and read a brilliantly logical and well-balanced estimate of Victor Hugo's poetical works. It was generally admitted that no man in the town could have equalled the performance.

—The *Sun* offers to receive contributions for the purpose of saving Jean François Millet's cottage at Barbizon for his widow, who is in danger of losing it. The structure of stone, covered with stucco and roofed with tiles, is a picturesque feature of the little French village on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, one story high, and very modest, even with its adjoining studio, which the painter erected as a retreat from his numerous family, and in which his most celebrated works were created. The *Sun's* project is sure to appeal to the sympathies of Americans, who have shown their appreciation of Millet's genius by investing more money in it than the people of all other nationalities combined.

—It is a question whether or not Stonewall Jackson's war-horse, Old Sorrel, now dying at the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Richmond, Virginia, would be permitted by Mr. Henry Bergh to live, if in this city. Old Sorrel is so weak that when he rises at all it is through the intervention of block and tackle, and it is believed that he no longer considers life worth living. When New York horses, for any reason or other, have arrived at that condition, Mr. Bergh personally interests himself in giving them a speedy and painless death, usually by means of a patented explosive bullet behind the forehead.

—The great French etcher Méryon was very surly and suspicious long before he ended his days in a mad-house. To his fellow-artist Mr. Seymour Haden, who showed him many courtesies in his poverty, he was particularly discourteous. Mr. Haden now possesses the MS. of an article sent by Méryon to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, but never printed, in which the Frenchman accuses him of sailing under false colors, and directly charges him with discovering and buying old Dutch etchings, and selling the impressions as his own after affixing his name to the plates. Mr. Haden tells this story to his friends with much vivacity, and is at no pains to despise the tribute to his genius which it implies. The valuable collection of Méryon's etchings recently exhibited in this city by Mr. Frederick Keppel is now being arranged for exhibition in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

—Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court of New York, has long taken much interest in the possibilities of the colored race; and when about to render a decision recently he went out of his way to compliment the legal ability and methods of the attorney and referee—both colored men—who had submitted papers in the case.

—At the sale of Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan's pictures and porcelains, the art dealers were able to buy back, at considerably less prices than they had sold them, some of the most valuable examples. Pieces of silver-ware also went to the jewellers at from one-third to one-half the sums originally paid.

—Mrs. Horatio Seymour, who died recently at ex-Senator Conkling's home in Utica, was one of the women whom Nature seems to have designed to be the wives of statesmen. She not only sympathized with the public work of her husband in all its varied phases—political and philanthropic—but created for him a home which he loved more than any other place on earth. Those who knew her best have often recognized her impress on the spirit of that memorable address to the prison convicts in which the ex-Governor told them how he had profited most by the most serious mistakes of his private life, and urged them to make stepping-stones of their crimes to higher things.

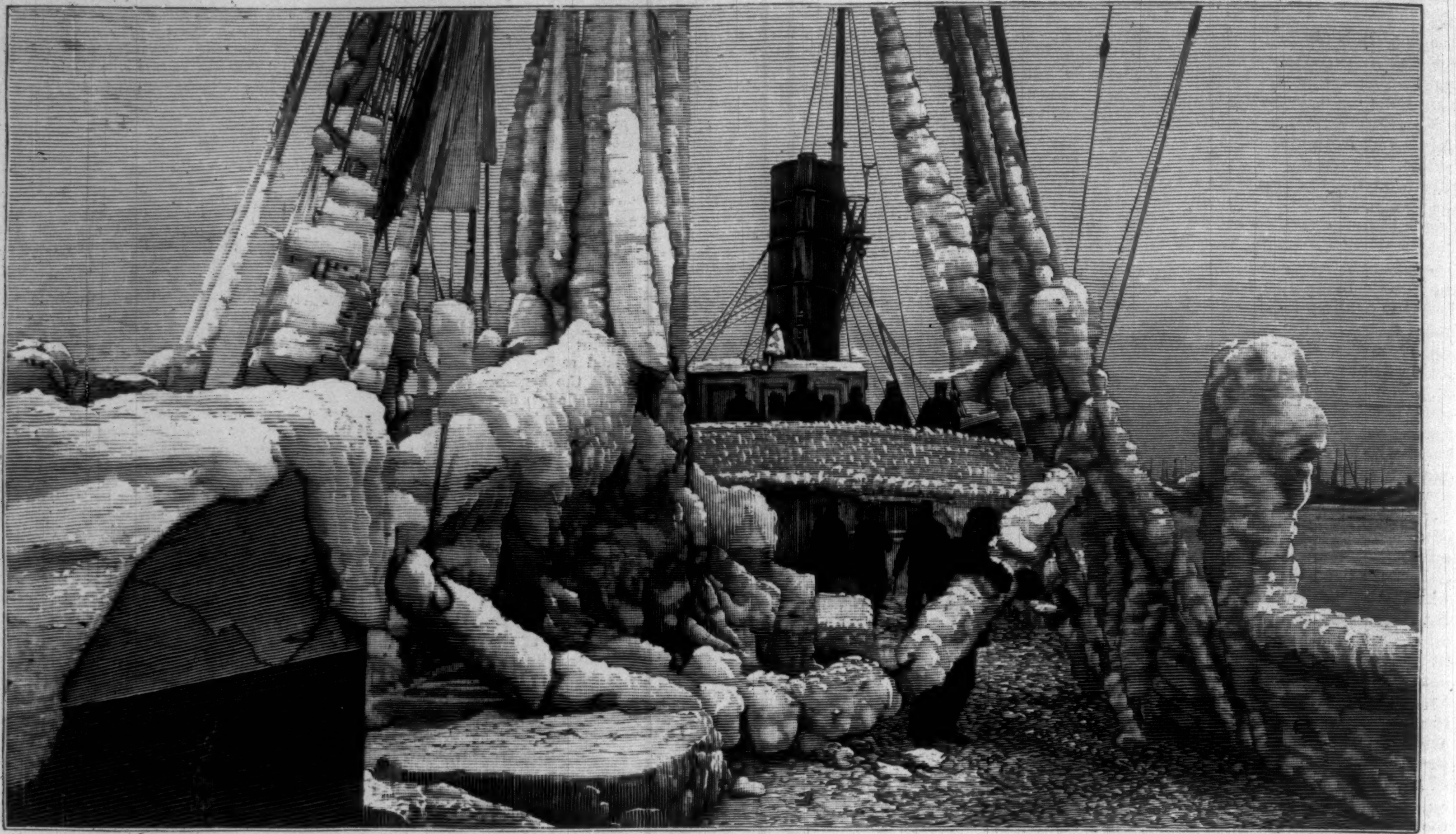
—Simon Cameron, ex-Secretary of War, was a commanding figure at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of this month, on the occasion of his eighty-seventh birthday. In good health and better spirits, he received friends, telegrams, and flowers all day long, and, like the late Thurlow Weed, seemed ready to demonstrate the healthfulness of politics as an avocation. He spoke of his son, Senator "Don" Cameron, with pride, and of his friend General Fitz-John Porter with admiration.

—Statistics of the New York Free Circulating Library show that Miss Mary L. Booth's *History of New York* is more in demand by readers than any other historical work in the collection.

—The late Principal Tulloch, who was at the head of the leading theological school in Scotland, was well known by his works to ministers and theological students in this country. His personality was extremely lovable, and among his most admiring friends was the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. It will be news to many persons in this country that, according to an English review, he had, like Dean Stanley, a liking for heretics.

—A well-known American novelist, while conversing recently with a friend, expressed his appreciation of black dresses for women. "I never saw a woman," he said, "who did not look better in black than in colors. Just now I have in mind a charming creature, whose only facial disadvantage is a slight predominance of jaw; but last evening I saw her in a black dress, and her jaw did not trouble me at all."

—Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer on the 1st of this month made his annual contribution to a solution of the problem of the relations of capital and labor. For the fourth time the editors, reporters, clerks, compositors, office-boys, and all other *attachés* of the *Staats-Zeitung* who give their working hours to it exclusively received a present of a sum equal to one-tenth of their annual salary or wages. The reporter, for instance, who earns $2000 a year was presented with $200, the office-boy who earns $200 a year, with $20, and so on. The total extra sum thus expended was about $20,000. When an *attaché* of that newspaper is sick, his pay goes on as usual. The city editor last year had an attack of typhoid pneumonia which lasted eleven weeks; he received his regular pay meanwhile, and on returning to duty was told that his salary had been increased. The managing editor has already served the paper twenty-eight years, the musical critic twenty-five years, and several other members of the staff ten, eleven, and fifteen years respectively. There has been no change in the reportorial corps for more than two years. One of the editors said the other day, "We have no apprehension of a strike in the *Staats-Zeitung* office."

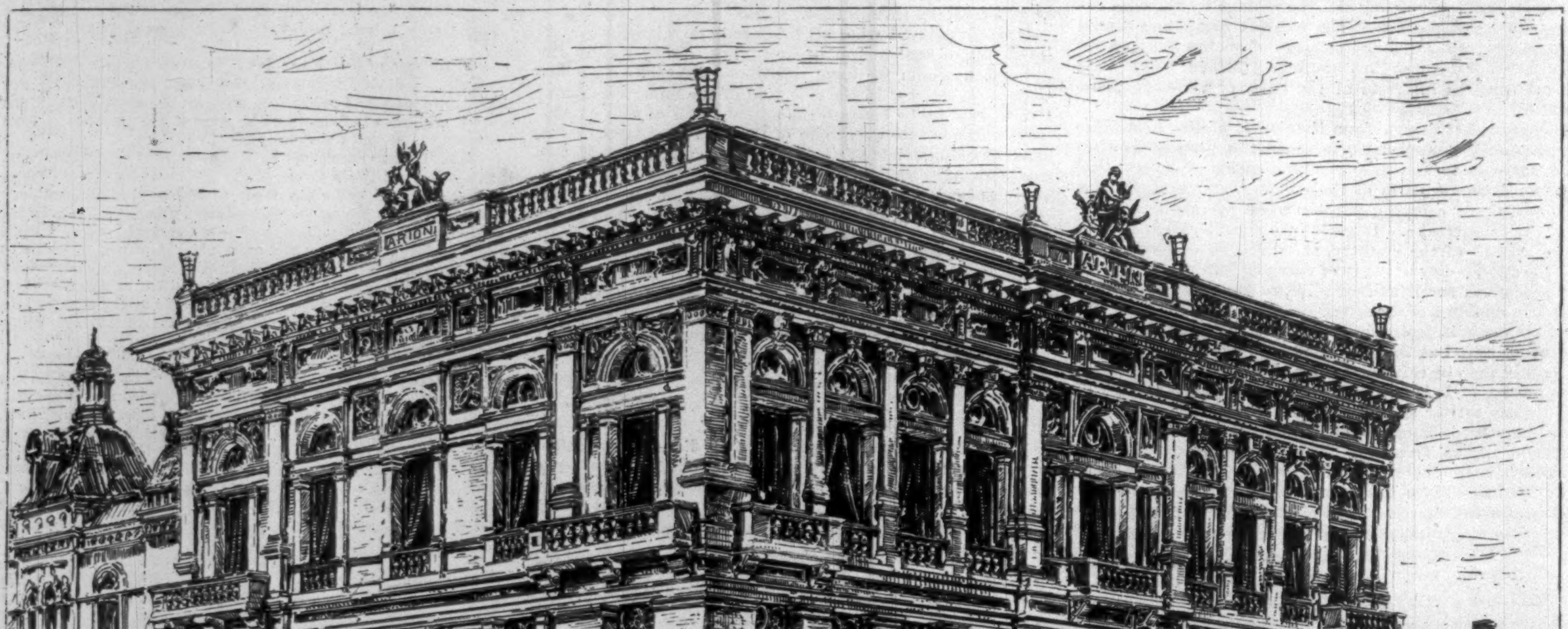


THE STEAMER "PEDRO," AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT BOSTON, FEBRUARY 28.—Photographed by H. W. Brown, Boston.

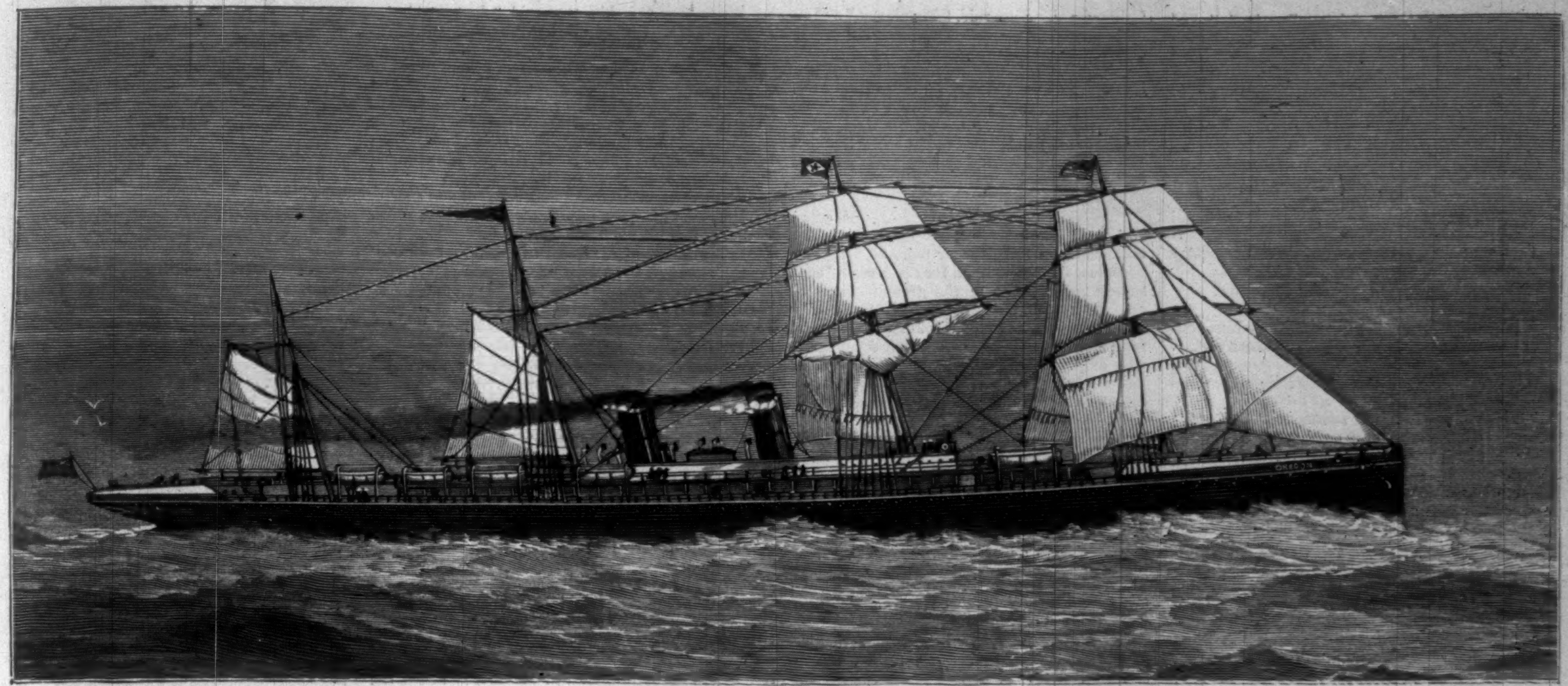
AN ICE-ENVELOPED STEAMER.

During the past winter a great many steamers and sailing vessels have come into this and other American ports with accidental cargoes of ice nearly or quite as extensive as the cargoes originally shipped. Such was the case with the Spanish steamer *Pedro*, which reached Boston not long ago in a condition which is scarcely describable, but which is accurately shown in the accompanying illustration. It would be needless to say that this vessel is a steamer, even did her smoke-stack not appear, for it is quite evident to any observer that her shrouds and rigging generally are altogether useless except for strictly ornamental purposes.

The *Pedro* left the port of Matanzas on the 17th of February last, with moderate weather prevailing. She was not long, however, in finding a gale, in which she labored continuously for nearly a week, when she was glad to put into Norfolk for rest and repairs. Up to this point she had not begun to accumulate any of the enormous cargo of ice with which she made her appearance in Boston. After leaving Norfolk, however, the same old gale, or another like it, was encountered, with the additional discomfort of a very low temperature. Tremendous seas began to pour in over her rail, and as the water became frozen almost instantaneously, it was not long before the foundation had been laid for an excellent iceberg aboard ship. The seas boarded the steamer fore and aft, and the icy condition of the vessel made the work of the sailors extremely difficult and dangerous. The cabin was flooded with water, and the furniture and stores were badly damaged. There was ice everywhere, much more of it than is shown in the picture, which is from a photograph taken several hours after her arrival at Boston. Her prow was a shapeless mass of ice, and she was a dirty yellowish-white from stem to stern. She made Race Point, which is distant only thirty-eight miles from Boston, at eleven o'clock one night, but it took her twelve hours to reach her pier from that point. Even the steam seemed to freeze up and lose its efficiency. Her foremast and forward rigging were so thickly coated with ice that they were nearly ten times their proper size in circumference.



PROPOSED CLUB-HOUSE FOR THE ARION SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley from the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 190.]



THE CUNARD STEAMER "OREGON," LOST OFF LONG ISLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 14.

THE LOSS OF THE "OREGON."

At half past four on Sunday morning, March 14, the famous Cunard steamer *Oregon*, from Liverpool March 6, for New York, was five miles off the southern shore of Long Island. There were 896 people on board, of whom 641 were passengers.

A three-masted coasting schooner, bound out, approached the steamer and crashed into her port side at the water-line, making a large hole, through which the water rushed with such violence as to leave no hope of saving the ship. Her signals of distress were answered about eight o'clock by the Sandy Hook pilot-boat No. 11, and the coasting schooner *Fanny A. Gorham*, and during the three hours following the transfer of the passengers and crew to their decks went on. An hour later the German steamer *Fulda* appeared, and the passengers were transferred to her, arriving in New York at seven o'clock A. M. on Monday. The *Oregon* had gone down at 1 P.M.

The *Oregon*, which was built for the Guion Company in 1883, and sold to the Cunard Company in 1884, was a steel vessel of 7500 tons, and, before the *Etruria* was built, was the fastest Atlantic steamer. The *Oregon's* best passage was from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in six days, nine hours, and twenty-two minutes.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It chanced that on a fine spring morning Henchard and Farfrae met in the chestnut walk which ran along the south wall of the town. Each had just come out from his early breakfast, and there was not another soul near. Henchard was reading a letter from Lucetta, sent in answer to a note from him, in which she made some excuse for not immediately granting him a second interview that he had desired.

Donald had no wish to enter into conversation with his former friend on their present constrained terms; neither would he pass him in scowling silence. He nodded, and Henchard did the same. They had receded from each other several paces when a voice cried, "Farfrae!" It was Henchard's, who stood regarding him.

"Do you remember," said Henchard, as if it were the presence of the thought and not of the man which made him speak—"do you remember me sending 'ee on the errand to that woman whose life was much mixed up with mine?"

"I do," said Farfrae.

"Do you remember my telling 'ee how it all began, and how it ended?"

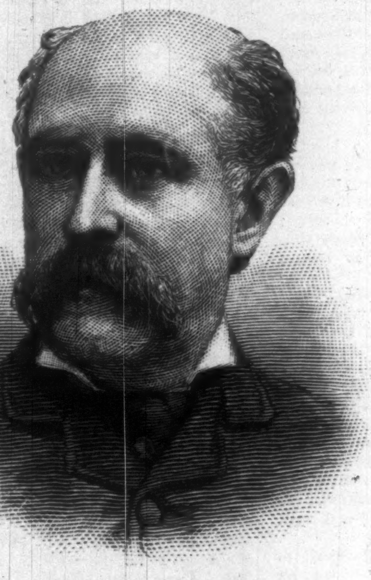
"Yes."

"Well, I have offered to marry her properly, now that I can, but she backs out of it. She won't marry me. Isn't that a conscience, hey? Now what would you think of her—I put it to 'ee?"

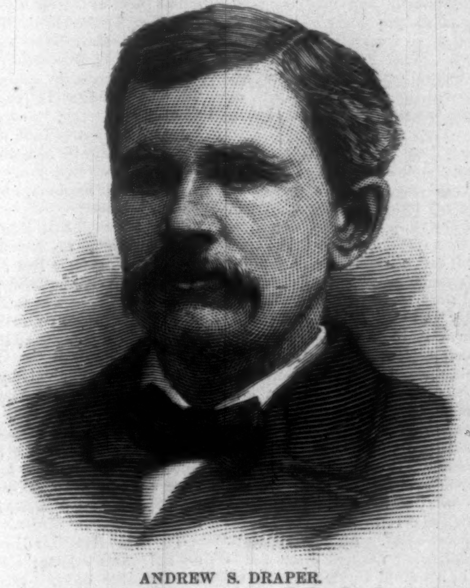
"I think it shows no great sense of propriety in her; indeed, it shows very little," said Farfrae, heartily, and in perfect good faith. "Well, ye owe her nothing more now."

"It is true," said Henchard, and went on.

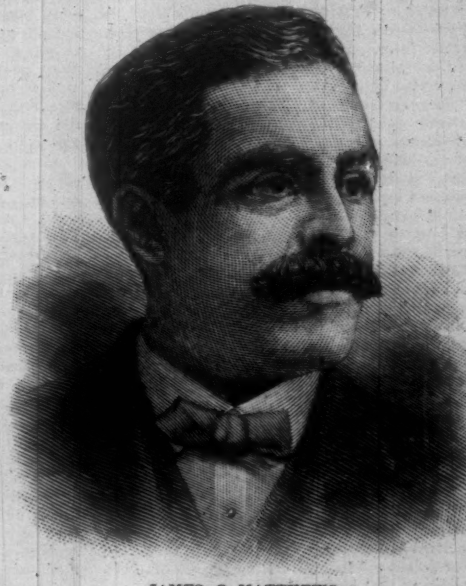
That he had looked up from a letter to ask his questions completely shut out from Farfrae's mind all vision of Lucetta as the culprit. Indeed, her present position was so different from that of the young woman of Henchard's story as of itself to be sufficient to blind him absolutely to her identity. As for Henchard, he was reassured by Farfrae's words and manner against a suspicion which had crossed his mind. They were not those of a conscious rival. Yet that there was rivalry by some one he was firmly persuaded. He could feel it in the air around Lucetta, see it in the turn of her pen. There was an antagonistic force in exercise, so that when he had tried to hang near her he seem-



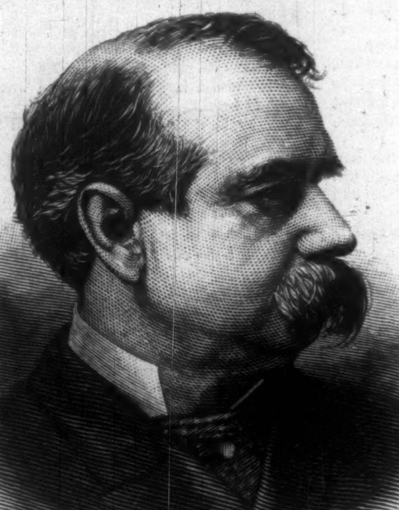
DR. CHARLES PHELPS.
Photographed by J. Ludovici, New York.—[See Page 183.]



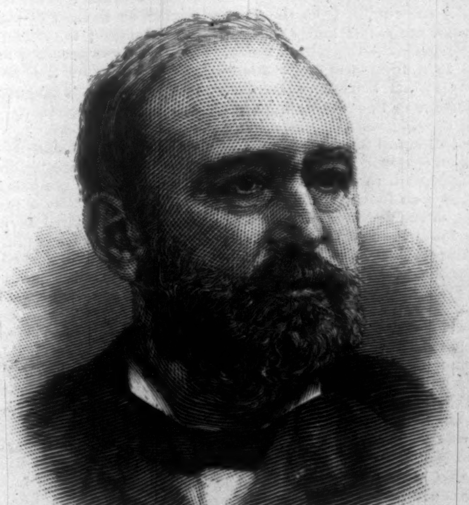
ANDREW S. DRAPER.
Photographed by Notman, Albany, N. Y.—[See Page 183.]



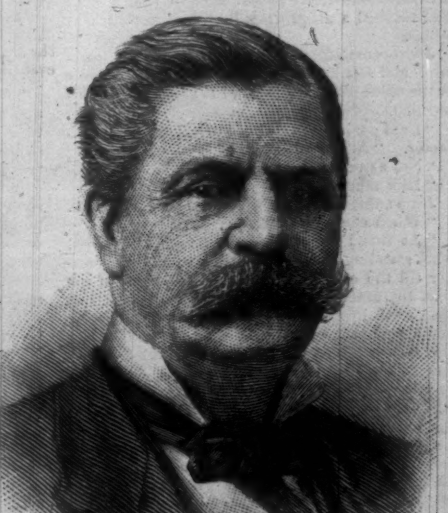
JAMES C. MATTHEWS.
Photographed by McDonald & Sterry, Albany, N. Y.—[See Page 183.]



SENATOR JOHN F. MILLER.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.—[See Page 183.]



SENATOR JEROME B. CHAFFEE.
Photographed by Falk, New York.—[See Page 183.]



JOSHUA FIERO.
Photographed by F. Forshew, Hudson, N. Y.—[See Page 183.]

ed standing in a refluent current. That it was not innate caprice he was more and more certain. Her windows gleamed as if they did not want him; her curtains seemed to hang slyly, as if they screened an ousting presence. To discover whose presence that was—whether really Farfrae's after all, or another's—he exerted himself to the utmost to see her again, and at length succeeded.

At the interview, when she offered him tea, he made it a point to launch a cautious inquiry if she knew Mr. Farfrae.

Oh yes! she knew him, she declared; she could not help knowing almost everybody in Casterbridge, living in such a gazebo over the centre and arena of the town.

"Pleasant young fellow," said Henchard.

"Yes," said Lucetta.

"We both know him," said kind Elizabeth Jane, to relieve her companion's divined embarrassment.

There was a knock at the door; literally, three full knocks, and a little one at the end.

"That kind of knock means half-and-half—somebody between gentle and simple," said the corn-merchant to himself. "I shouldn't wonder therefore if it is he." In a few seconds surely enough Donald walked in.

Lucetta was full of little fidgets and flutters, which increased Henchard's suspicions without affording any special proof of their correctness. He was well-nigh ferocious at the sense of the queer situation in which he stood toward this woman. One who had reproached him for unwittingly wronging her, who had urged claims upon his consideration on that account, who had lived waiting for him, who at the first decent moment had come to ask him to rectify the wrong: such she had been. And now he sat at her teatable eager to gain her attention, and in his amatory rage feeling the other man present to be a villain, just as any young fool of a lover might feel.

They sat stiffly side by side at the darkening table, like some Tuscan painting of the two disciples supping at Emmaus. Lucetta, forming the third and chief figure, was opposite them; Elizabeth Jane, being out of the game, and out of the group, could observe from afar all things: that there were long spaces of taciturnity, when all exterior circumstance was subdued to the touch of spoons and china, the click of a heel on the pavement under the window, the passing of a wheelbarrow or cart, the whistling of the carter, the gush of water into householders' buckets at the town pump opposite; the exchange of greetings among their neighbors, and the rattle of the yokes by which they carried off their evening supply.

"More bread and butter?" said Lucetta to Henchard and Farfrae equally, holding out between them a plateful of long slices. Henchard took a slice by one end and Donald by the other; each feeling certain he was the man meant; neither let go, and the slice came in two.

"Oh—I am so sorry!" cried Lucetta, with a nervous titter. Farfrae tried to laugh; but he was too much in love to see the incident in any but a tragic light.

"How ridiculous of all three of them!" said Elizabeth to herself.

Henchard left the house with a ton of conjecture, though without a grain of proof, that the counter-attraction was Farfrae, and therefore he would not make up his mind. Yet to Elizabeth Jane it was plain as the town pump that Donald and Lucetta were incipient lovers. More than once, in spite of her care, Lucetta had been unable to restrain her glance from flitting across into Farfrae's eyes like a bird to its nest. But Henchard was constructed upon too large a scale to discern such minutiæ as these by an evening light, which to him were as the notes of a grasshopper that lie above the compass of the human ear.

But he was disturbed. And the sense of occult rivalry in suitorship was so much superadded to the palpable rivalry of their business lives. To the coarse materiality of that rivalry it added an inflaming soul.

The thus vitalized antagonism took the form of action by Henchard sending for Jopp, the manager originally displaced by Farfrae's arrival. Henchard had frequently met this man about the streets, observed that his clothing spoke of neediness, heard that he lived in Mixen Lane—a back slum of the town, the *pis-aller* of Casterbridge domiciliation—itself almost a proof that a man had reached a stage when he would not stick at trifles.

Jopp came after dark by the gates of the storeyard, and felt his way through the hay and straw to the office where Henchard sat in solitude awaiting him.

"I am again out of a foreman," said the corn-factor. "Are you in place?"

"Not as much as a beggar's, sir."

"How much do you ask?"

Jopp named his price, which was very moderate.

"When can you come?"

"At this hour and moment, sir," said Jopp, who, standing hands-pocketed at the street corner till the sun had faded the shoulders of his coat to scarecrow green, had regularly watched Henchard in the market-place, measured him, and learnt him, by virtue of the power which the still man has in his stillness of knowing the busy one better than he knows himself. Jopp, too, had had a convenient experience; he was the only one in Casterbridge besides Henchard and the close-lipped Elizabeth Jane who knew that Lucetta came truly from Jersey, and but proximately from Bath. "I know Jersey too, sir," he said. "Was living there when you used to do business that way. Oh yes—have often seen ye there."

"Indeed! Very good. Then the thing is settled. The testimonials you showed me when you first tried for't are sufficient." That characters deteriorate in time of need possibly did not occur to Henchard. Jopp said, "Thank you," and stood more firmly, in the consciousness that at last he officially belonged to that spot.

"Now," said Henchard, digging his strong eyes into Jopp's face, "one thing is necessary to me, as the biggest corn and hay dealer in these parts. The Scotchman who's taking the town trade so bold into his hands must be cut out. D'ye hear? We two can't live side by side—that's clear and certain."

"I've seen it all," said Jopp.

"By fair competition I mean, of course," Henchard continued. "But as hard, keen, and unflinching as fair—rather more so. By such a desperate bid against him for the farmers' custom as will grind him into the ground—starve him out. I've capital, mind ye, and I can do it."

"I'm all that way of thinking," said the new foreman. Jopp's dislike of Farfrae as the man who had once usurped his place, while it made him a willing tool, made him, at the same time, commercially as unsafe a colleague as Henchard could have chosen.

"I sometimes think," he added, "that he must have some glass that he sees next year in. He has such a knack of making everything bring him fortune."

"He's deep beyond all honest men's discerning; but we must make him shallower. We'll undersell him, and overbuy him, and so snuff him out."

They then entered into specific details of the process by which this would be accomplished, and parted at a late hour.

Elizabeth Jane heard by accident that Jopp had been engaged by her step-father. She was so fully convinced that he was not the right man for the place that, at the risk of making Henchard angry, she expressed her apprehension to him when they met. But it was done to no purpose; Henchard shut up her argument with a sharp rebuff.

The season's weather seemed to favor their scheme. The time was in the years immediately before foreign competition had revolutionized the trade in grain, when still, as from the earliest ages, the wheat quotations from month to month depended entirely upon the home harvest. A bad harvest, or the prospect of one, would double the price of corn in a few weeks; and the promise of a good yield would lower it as rapidly. Prices were like the roads of the period, steep in gradient, reflecting in their phases the local conditions, without engineering, levellings, or averages.

The farmer's income was ruled by the wheat crop within his own horizon, and the wheat crop by the weather. Thus in person he became a sort of flesh-barometer, with feelers always directed to the sky and wind around him. The local atmosphere was everything to him, the atmospheres of other countries a matter of indifference. The people, too, who were not farmers, the rural multitude, saw in the god of the weather a more important personage than they do now. Indeed, the feeling of the peasantry in this matter was so intense as to be almost unrealizable in these equable days. Their impulse was well-nigh to prostrate themselves in lamentation before untimely rains and tempests, which came as the Alastor of those households whose crime it was to be poor.

After midsummer they watched the weather-cocks as men waiting in antechambers watch the lackey. Sun elated them, quiet rain sobered them, weeks of watery tempest stupefied them. That aspect of the sky which they now regard as disagreeable they then beheld as furious.

It was June, and the weather was very unfavorable. Casterbridge being, as it were, the bell-board on which all the adjacent hamlets and villages sounded their notes, was decidedly dull. Instead of new articles in the shop windows, those that had been rejected in the foregoing summer were brought out again; superseded reap-hooks, badly shaped rakes, shop-worn leggings, and time-stiffened water-tights reappeared, furbished up as near to new as possible.

Henchard, backed by Jopp, read a disastrous garnering, and resolved to base his strategy against Farfrae upon that reading. But before acting he wished—what so many have wished—that he could know for certain what was at present only strong probability. He was superstitious—as such headstrong natures often are—and he nourished in his mind an idea bearing on the matter—an idea he shrank from disclosing even to Jopp.

In a lonely hamlet a few miles from the town—so lonely that what are called lonely villages were teeming by comparison—there lived a man of curious repute as a forecaster or weather-prophet. The way to his house was crooked and miry—even difficult in the present unpropitious season. One evening when it was raining so heavily that ivy and laurel resounded like distant musketry, and an out-door man could be excused for shrouding himself to his ears and eyes, such a shrouded figure on foot might have been perceived travelling in the direction of the hazel copse which dripped over the prophet's cot. The turnpike-road became a lane, the lane a cart-track, the cart-track a bridle-path, the bridle-path a footway, the footway overgrown. The solitary walker slipped here and there, and stumbled over the natural springes formed by the brambles, till at length he reached the house, which, with its garden, was surrounded with a high, dense hedge. The cottage, comparatively a large one, had been built of mud by the occupier's own hands, and thatched also by himself. Here he had always lived, and here it was presumed he would die.

He existed on unseen supplies; for it was an anomalous thing that while there was hardly a soul in the neighborhood but affected to laugh at this man's assertions, uttering the formula, "There's nothing in 'em," with full assurance on the surface of their faces, very few of them were unbelievers in their secret hearts. Whenever they consulted him they did it "for a fancy." When they paid him they said, "Just a trifle for Christmas," or "Candlemas," as the case might be.

He would have preferred more honesty in his clients, and less sham ridicule; but fundamental belief consoled him for superficial irony. As stated, he was enabled to live; people supported him with their backs turned. He was sometimes astonished that men could profess so little and believe so much at his house when at church they professed so much and believed so little.

Behind his back he was called "Wide-oh," on account of his reputation; to his face, "Mr." Fall.

The hedge of his garden formed an arch over the entrance, and a door was inserted as in a wall. Outside the door the tall traveller stopped, bandaged his face with a handkerchief as if he were suffering from toothache, and went up the path. The window-shutters were not closed, and he could see the prophet within, preparing his supper.

In answer to the knock, Fall came to the door, candle in hand. The visitor stepped back a little from the light, and said, "Can I speak to ye?" in significant tones. The other's invitation to come in was responded to by the country form, "This will do, thank ye," after which the householder has no alternative but to come out. He placed the candle on the corner of the dresser, took his hat from a nail, and joined the stranger in the porch, shutting the door behind him.

"I've long heard that you can—do things of a sort?" began the other, repressing his individuality as much as he could.

"Maybe so, Mr. Henchard," said the weather-caster.

"Ah—why do you call me that?" asked the visitor, with a start.

"Because it's your name. Feeling you'd come, I've waited for ye; and thinking you might be leery from your walk, I laid two supper plates—look ye here." He threw open the door and disclosed the supper table, at which appeared a second chair, knife and fork, plate, and mug, as he had declared.

Henchard remained in silence for a few moments, then throwing off the disguise of frigidity which he had hitherto preserved, he said: "Then I have not come in vain. . . . Now, for instance, can ye charm away warts?"

"Without trouble."

"Cure the evil?"

"That I've done—with consideration—if they will wear the toad-bag by night as well as by day."

"Forecast the weather?"

"With labor and time."

"Then take this," said Henchard. "'Tis a crown piece. Now what is the harvest fortnight to be? When can I know?"

"I've worked it out already, and you can know at once." (The fact was that five farmers had already been there on the same errand from different parts of the county.) "By the sun, moon, and stars, by the clouds, the winds, the trees, and grass, the candle-flame and swallows, the smell of the herbs; likewise by the cats' eyes, the ravens, the leeches, the spiders, and the dung-mixen, the last fortnight in August will be—rain and tempest."

"You are not certain, of course?"

"As one can be in a world where all's unsure. 'Twill be more like living in Revelations this autumn than in England. Shall I sketch it out for ye in a scheme?"

"Oh, no, no," said Henchard. "I don't altogether believe in forecasts, come to second thoughts on such. But I—"

"You don't—you don't; 'tis understood," said Wide-oh, without a sound of scorn. "You have given me a crown because you've one too many. But won't ye join me at supper, now 'tis waiting and all?"

Henchard would gladly have joined, for the savor of the stew had floated from the cottage into the porch with such appetizing distinctness that the meat, the onions, the pepper, and the herbs could be severally recognized by his nose. But as sitting down to hob-and-nob there would have seemed to mark him too implicitly as the weather-caster's apostle, he declined, and went his way.

The next Saturday Henchard bought grain to an enormous extent; also on the next, and on all available days. When his granaries were full to choking, all the weather-cocks of Casterbridge creaked and set their faces in another direction, as if tired of the southwest. The weather changed; the sunlight which had been like tin for weeks assumed the hues of topaz. The temperament of the welkin passed from the phlegmatic to the sanguine: an excellent harvest was almost a certainty, and as a consequence prices rushed down.

All these transformations, lovely to the outsider, to the wrong-headed corn-dealer were terrible. He was reminded of what he had well known before, that a man might gamble upon the square surfaces of hedged fields as readily as upon those of a card-room.

Henchard had backed bad weather, and apparently lost. He had mistaken the turn of the flood for the turn of the ebb. His dealings had been so extensive that settlement could not long be postponed, and to settle he was obliged to sell off corn that he had bought only a few weeks before at figures higher by many shillings a quarter. Much of the corn he had never seen; it had not even been moved from the ricks in which it lay stacked miles away. Thus he lost heavily.

In the blaze of an early August day he met Farfrae in the market-place. Farfrae knew of his dealings (though he did not guess their intended bearing on himself), and commiserated him; for since their exchange of words in the South Walk they had been on stiffly speaking terms. Henchard for the moment appeared to resent the sympathy, but he suddenly took a careless turn.

"Ho, no, no—nothing serious, man!" he cried, with fierce gayety. "These things always happen, don't they? I know it has been said that figures have touched me tight lately; but is that anything rare? The case is not so bad as folk make out, perhaps. And dammy, a man must be a cust fool to mind the common hazards of trade."

But he had to enter the Casterbridge bank that day for reasons which had never before sent him there, and to sit a long time in the partners' room with a constrained bearing. It was rumored soon after that much real property, as well as vast stores of produce, in the town and neighborhood, which had stood in Henchard's name, was actually the property of his bankers.

Coming down the steps of the bank he encountered Jopp. The gloomy transactions just completed within had added fever to the original sting of Farfrae's sympathy that morning, which Henchard fancied might be satire disguised, so that Jopp met with anything but a bland reception. The latter was in the act of taking off his hat to wipe his forehead, and saying, "A fine hot day," to an acquaintance.

"You can wipe and wipe, and say, 'A fine hot day,' can ye?" cried Henchard, in a savage undertone, imprisoning Jopp between himself and the bank wall. "If it hadn't been for your fool's advice it might have been a fine day enough. Why did ye let me go on, hey? when a word of doubt from you or anybody would have made me think twice that you can never be sure of the weather till 'tis past."

"My advice, sir, was to do what you thought best."

"A useful fellow; and the sooner you help somebody else in that way the better." Henchard continued his address to Jopp in similar terms till it ended in Jopp's dismissal there and then, Henchard turning upon his heel and leaving him.

"You shall be sorry for this, sir—sorry as a man can be," said Jopp, standing pale, and looking after the corn-merchant as he disappeared in the crowd of market-men hard by.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was the eve of harvest. Prices being low, Farfrae was buying. As was usual, after reckoning too surely on famine weather, the local farmers had flown to the other extreme, and (in Farfrae's opinion) were selling off too recklessly—calculating with just a trifle too much certainty upon an abundant yield. So he went on buying old corn at its comparatively ridiculous price; for the produce of the previous year, though not large, had been of excellent quality.

When Henchard had squared his affairs in a disastrous way, and got rid of his burdensome purchases at a monstrous loss, the harvest began. There were three days of excellent weather, and then—"What if that cust conjurer should be right after all!" said Henchard.

The fact was that no sooner had the sickles begun to play than the atmosphere suddenly felt as if the seed of cresses would grow in it without other nourishment. It rubbed people's cheeks like damp flannel when they walked abroad. There was a gusty, high, warm wind; isolated rain-drops starred the window-panes at remote distances; the sunlight would flap out like a quickly opened fan, throw the pattern of the window upon the floor of the room in a milky, colorless shine, and withdraw as suddenly as it had appeared.

From that day and hour it was clear that there was not to be so successful an ingathering after all. If Henchard had only waited long enough, he might at least have avoided loss, though he had not made a profit. But the momentum of his character knew no patience. At this third turn of the scales he remained silent. The movements of his mind seemed to tend to the thought that some power was working against him.

"I wonder," he asked himself with eerie misgiving—"I wonder if it can be that somebody has been roasting a waxen image of me, or stirring an unholy brew to confound me! I don't believe in such power; and yet—what if they should ha' been doing it!" Even he could not admit that the perpetrator, if any, might be Farfrae. These isolated hours of superstition came to Henchard in times of moody depression, when all his practical largeness of view had oozed out of him.

Meanwhile Donald Farfrae prospered. He had purchased in so depressed a market that the present moderate stiffness of prices was sufficient to pile for him a large heap of gold where a little one had been.

"Why, he'll soon be Mayor!" said Henchard. It was, indeed, hard that the speaker should, of all others, have to follow the triumphal chariot of this man to the Capitol.

The rivalry of the masters was taken up by the men.

September night shades had fallen upon Casterbridge; the clocks had struck half past eight, and the moon had risen. The streets of the town were curiously silent for such a comparatively early hour. A sound of jangling horse-bells and heavy wheels passed up the street. These were followed by angry voices outside Lucetta's house, which led her and Elizabeth Jane to run to the windows and pull up the blinds.

The opposite Market-house and Town-hall abutted against its next neighbor, the Church, except in the lower story, where an arched thoroughfare gave admittance to a large square called Bull Stake. A stone post rose in the midst, to which the oxen had formerly been tied for baiting with dogs to make them tender before they were killed in the adjoining shambles. In a corner stood the stocks.

The thoroughfare leading to this spot was now blocked by two four-horse wagons and horses, laden with hay-trusses, the leaders having already passed each other, and become entangled head to tail. The passage of the vehicles might have been practicable if empty, but built up with hay to the bedroom windows as they were, it was impossible.

"You must have done it a-purpose," said Farfrae's wagoner. "You can hear my horses' bells half a mile such a night as this."

"If ye'd been minding your business instead of zwailing along in such a gwakhammer way, you would have seed me," retorted the wroth representative of Henchard.

However, according to the strict rule of the road, it appeared that Henchard's man was most in the wrong; he therefore attempted to back into the High Street. In doing this the near hind-wheel rose against the church-yard wall, and the whole mountainous load went over, two of the four wheels rising in the air and the legs of the thill horse.

Instead of considering how to gather up the load the two men closed in a fight with their fists. Before the first round was hardly over Henchard came upon the spot, somebody having run for him.

Henchard sent the two men staggering in contrary directions by collaring one with each hand, turned to the horse that was down, and extricated him after some trouble. He then inquired into the circumstances, and seeing the state of his wagon and its load, began hotly rating Farfrae's man.

Lucetta and Elizabeth Jane had by this time run down to the door and opened it, whence they watched the bright heap of new hay lying in the moon's rays, and passed and repassed by the forms of Henchard and the wagoners. The women had witnessed what nobody else had seen—the origin of the mishap; and Lucetta spoke.

"I saw it all, Mr. Henchard," she cried; "and your man was most in the wrong."

Henchard paused in his harangue and turned. "Oh, I didn't notice you, Miss Templeman," said he. "My man in the wrong? Ah, to be sure! to be sure! But I beg your pardon notwithstanding. The other's is the empty wagon, and he must have been most to blame for coming on."

"No, I saw it too," said Elizabeth Jane. "And I can assure you he couldn't help it."

Lucetta's white figure disappeared from her doorway inward, and the door was shut before Henchard could reach it to converse with her further.

"Just see that nobody drives against that hay and wagon to-night, Stubberd," said the corn-merchant. "It must bide till the morning, for all hands are in the fields still. And if any coach or road wagon wants to come along, tell 'em they must go round by the back street, and be hanged to 'em."

During those moments Henchard had determined to follow up Lucetta, notwithstanding her elusiveness, and he knocked for admission.

The answer he received was an expression of Miss Templeman's sorrow at being unable to see him again that evening, because she had an engagement to go out.

Henchard walked away from the door to the opposite side of the street, and stood by his hay in a lonely reverie, the constable having strolled elsewhere, and the horses being removed. Though the moon was not bright as yet, there were no lamps lighted, and he entered the shadow of one of the projecting jambs which formed the thoroughfare to Bull Stake; here he watched Lucetta's door.

Candle-lights were flitting in and out of her bedroom, and it was obvious that she was dressing for the appointment, whatever the nature of that might be at such an hour. The lights disappeared, the clocks struck nine, and almost at the moment Farfrae came round the opposite corner and knocked. That she had been waiting just inside for him was certain, for she instantly opened the door herself. They went together by the way of All-Saints' Lane southward, avoiding the front street; guessing at last where they were going, he determined to follow.

Nearly the whole town had gone into the fields. The Casterbridge populace still retained the primitive habit of helping one another in time of need; and thus, though the corn belonged to the farming section of the little community—that inhabiting the Dummerford quarter—the remainder was no less interested in the labor of getting it home.

Reaching the end of the lane Henchard crossed the shaded avenue on the walls, slid down the green rampart, and stood amongst the stubble. The "stitches" or shocks rose like tents about the yellow expanse, those in the distance becoming lost in the moonlit hazes.

He had entered at a point removed from the scene of immediate operations; but two others had entered at that point, and he could see them winding among the shocks. They were paying no regard to the direction of their walk, whose vague serpentining soon began to bear down toward Henchard. A meeting promised to be awkward, and he therefore stepped into the hollow of the nearest shock, and sat down.

"You have my leave," Lucetta was saying, gayly. "Speak what you like."

"Well, then," replied Farfrae, with the unmistakable inflection of the lover pure, which Henchard had never heard in full resonance on his lips before, "you are sure to be much sought after-r for your position, wealth, talents, and beauty. But will ye resist the temptation to be one of those ladies with lots of admirers—ay—and be content to have only a homely one?"

"And he the speaker?" said she, laughing. "Very well, sir, what next?"

"You are convinced, Donald, that I love nobody else," she presently said. "But I should wish to have my own way in some things."

"In everything! What special thing did you mean?"

"If I wished not to live always in Casterbridge, for instance; on finding that I should not be happy here?"

Henchard did not hear the reply; he might have done so and much more, but he did not care to play the eavesdropper. They went on toward the scene of activity, where the sheaves were being handed, a dozen a minute, upon the carts and wagons which carried them away.

Lucetta insisted on parting from Farfrae when they drew near the work-people. He had some business with them, and though he entreated her to wait a few minutes, she was inexorable, and tripped off homeward alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JEROME B. CHAFFEE.

Ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, who recently died at the residence of his son-in-law **U. S. Grant, Jun.**, was nearly sixty-one years of age, having been born in Niagara County, New York, in April, 1825. He had been an invalid for several years, suffering from a complication of diseases. Mr. **Chaffee** was a self-educated man, and a man of indomitable energy. He accepted a clerkship in a grocery store in lieu of a college education, and by strict economy succeeded in accumulating sufficient money to enable him to go into the dry-goods business on his own account at the age of twenty-two. He chose Adrian, Michigan, as the place for his enterprise, married there, and secured the friendship of the leading and rising men of the State. He was a natural politician, loving intrigue, and devoted to his party. **Zachariah Chandler** recognized in him a congenial spirit, and a strong friendship continued unbroken between the two men up to the time of the former's death. From Adrian Mr. **Chaffee** went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he spent three years in active business life. The Pike's Peak excitement, in 1860, carried him to the West, and he became one of the founders of Denver city, and, indeed, of the State of Colorado. In this new country he found full vent for his political ambitions and his restless business activity. He dabbled in a little of everything, and made money rapidly. Associated with a few other active spirits, he organized the Territory of Colorado, became the Speaker of the House in the first Territorial Legislature, and was sent as a Territorial Delegate to Congress. Upon the formation of Colorado as a State, he was elected Senator. If it was the vote of Colorado that made Mr. **Hayes** the President of the United States, then clearly Mr. **Chaffee** was entitled to the credit of that accomplishment, for it was by his indefatigable efforts more than through any other cause that Colorado succeeded in getting into the Union in 1876. At one time Mr. **Chaffee** became engaged in a controversy with President **Grant** over the appointment of a Territorial Governor for Colorado, and it was in the "making up" of this quarrel that the ground was prepared for the close, intimate family relationship that subsequently obtained between General **Grant** and himself through the marriage of General **Grant**'s son and namesake to Mr. **Chaffee**'s daughter.

ANDREW S. DRAPER.

The new Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. **Andrew S. Draper**, is a lawyer of excellent standing, and a resident of Albany, where his social connections are advantageous. His age is about forty-three years. He has been identified with both the theory and the practice of education for many years, having served as principal of one of the Albany public schools, as teacher in the Albany Academy, and as an officer of the Albany Normal School.

Mr. **Draper**'s nomination by the Republican caucus of the Legislature on the 9th of March is generally esteemed, however, a recognition of his unwearied activity in local politics. The contest for the position was somewhat sharp, and among his competitors were Mr. **Haines D. Cunningham**, the Albany correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who was nominated by General **Curtis**; Mr. **Charles E. Hawkins**, of Jefferson County, who was nominated by Senator **Sloan**; and Mr. **William J. Milne**, of Genesee County, who was nominated by Senator **Walker**. On the first ballot Mr. **Draper** received 41 votes, Mr. **Hawkins** 22, Mr. **Milne** 20, and Mr. **Cunningham** 11; and on the fourth ballot Mr. **Draper**'s vote reached 61, and he was declared the nominee of the caucus. The next day he was formally elected at a joint session of the two Houses, the Democrats casting a complimentary vote for the present Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. **James E. Morrison**, who has been appointed Chief Examiner for the Civil Service Commission.

JOSHUA FIERO.

The Hon. **Joshua Fiero**, who died at his home in Catskill on March 1, of paralysis, was born in the old town of Broom, now Conesville, in this State, on May 4, 1818. Until he was sixteen years old he worked upon his father's farm, attending school for two months each winter; then for six years he assisted his uncle, who owned and was working large stone-quarries at Malden, in Ulster County; was a clerk in a dry-goods store in Catskill for two years, and then opened a store for himself in the same place, afterward establishing branches in Auburn, Kingston, Leeds, and Ashland. In 1840 Mr. **Fiero** was a Major of Cavalry in the State militia, and in 1854 he was Adjutant of the Twenty-eighth Regiment. He was a Whig, and afterward a Republican, and a hard worker in both organizations. In 1853 he was elected to the Assembly, and in 1859 he went to Albany as a Republican Senator from the Tenth District, composed of Ulster and Greene counties, where there had been a large Democratic majority theretofore. At the breaking out of the war Mr. **Fiero** was chairman *pro tem.* of the Senate, and chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Governor **Morgan** considered him one of the most powerful and trustworthy aids in the execution of those measures which placed New York in the van of the States supporting the war for the Union. In 1863 Mr. **Fiero** was Provost Marshal of the Thirteenth Congressional District, and as such officer executed in his division the first draft, in September of that year. He performed his duties firmly, but mercifully and generously; the office was odious to him, however, and he resigned it in the fall of 1864. Mr. **Fiero** married in 1842 **Mary F. Pierson**, daughter of **William Pierson**, of Greene County, and by her had eight children, five of whom survive him.

DR. CHARLES PHELPS.

The new nominee for Health-officer of the port of New York, Dr. **Charles Phelps**, lives at No. 100 East Nineteenth Street, in this city, and has long been in active practice as a surgeon. He was graduated from Brown University about thirty years ago, and soon afterward was matriculated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York. To students of medicine throughout the country Dr. **Phelps**'s name is familiar because of his official connection with Bellevue Hospital and St. Vincent's Hospital, where he has been Visiting Surgeon for eleven years, and also because of his presidency of the Medical Board of the former institution. He is president too of the Board of Surgeons of the Police Department.

Dr. **Phelps**, now in the prime of life, has never held any other political office, and his friends say that he did not solicit the Governor to send in his name, and that no "claims" were presented in his behalf, save those of ability and integrity. The revenues of the present Health-officer, Dr. **Smith**, have been, according to his own showing, $27,304 a year, for the four years 1882–5 inclusive; but there is a general feeling that this sum does not represent all that the place is worth.

Dr. **Phelps** is a man of warm personal friendships and wide acquaintance among the leading Democrats of the city and State, and an active member of the Manhattan Club; but he has never been a member of Tammany Hall, the County Democracy, Irving Hall, or any other political organization, although he is well known as a Democrat.

SENATOR JOHN F. MILLER.

The death of Senator **John F. Miller**, of California, which occurred at Washington on the 8th inst., has removed from the United States Senate a member whose record during the civil war was exceptionally brilliant; indeed, it was from a face wound received in action, occasioning the loss of an eye, that the complication of disorders which led to his death originally arose. Senator **Miller**, whose position in the Senate was more of a social than a political one, was born in Indiana in 1831 of Virginia parents. After a common-school education in his native State he entered the New York State Law School, and was graduated in 1852. He began the practice of his profession at South Bend, Indiana, subsequently removed to California, where he practised for three years, and then returned to Indiana. He was elected a member of the Indiana State Senate in 1860, but resigned that position to enter the army, going to the front as Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry. His bravery soon won for him the rank of Brigadier and then that of Major-General, and he served with distinction under **Sherman**, **Buell**, **Rosecrans**, and **Thomas**, receiving severe wounds in the battles of Stone River and Liberty Gap. He was offered a colonelcy in the regular army after the close of the war, but declined it, and turned his steps toward the Pacific coast, where he succeeded in amassing the immense fortune he has now left to his wife and only daughter. He was one of the originators of the Alaska Seal Fur Company, and was for many years its president. His term in the United States Senate would have expired next year, he having been elected as a Republican to succeed Senator **Newton Booth** in 1880. The present Governor of California being a Democrat, Senator **Miller**'s death will lessen the Republican majority in the Senate by one. Senator **Miller** was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

JAMES C. MATTHEWS.

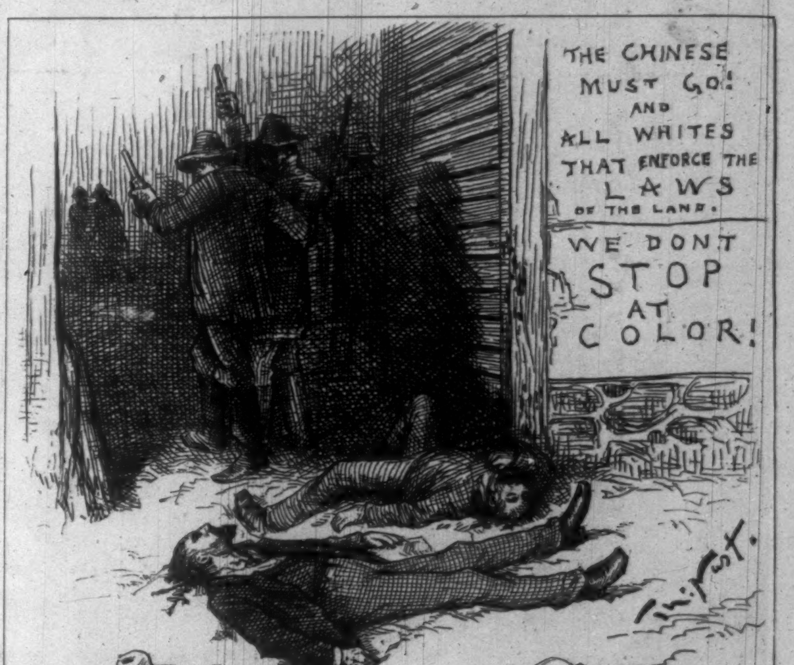
James C. Matthews, who was the other day nominated by President **Cleveland** to succeed **Frederick Douglass** as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, is a colored resident of Albany, New York, forty years of age, and a lawyer by profession. The office, which Mr. **Douglass** resigned on January 5 last, is worth about $4000 a year. It had never been filled by a colored man previous to Mr. **Douglass**'s appointment. He is a native of New Haven, Connecticut, but was taken by his parents to Albany at an early age, and was educated at the Boys' Academy in that city. He is said to be the only colored student to whom a diploma was ever issued at that school. His solitary example certainly seems to have been an admirable one, for he succeeded in carrying away from all his lighter-colored school-mates the first prize for the best English essay and also the **Beck** literary medal. After a thorough course at the Albany Law School, he was admitted to the bar of that city in 1870, and subsequently secured the right to practise before the United States courts. He is spoken of as a fluent speaker and a good lawyer. Mr. **Matthews** has a wife of his own race and several children. He is a near relative of Bishop **John Loguen**, the well-known colored preacher. In politics Mr. **Matthews** was a Republican until 1872, when he connected himself with the Liberal movement.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A book published in London gives instructions for serving eggs in one hundred and twenty different ways, and purports to be comprehensive. There are really, however, one hundred and twenty-one ways; the way not described in the book being that in which eggs are served to unpopular orators in riotous assemblages.

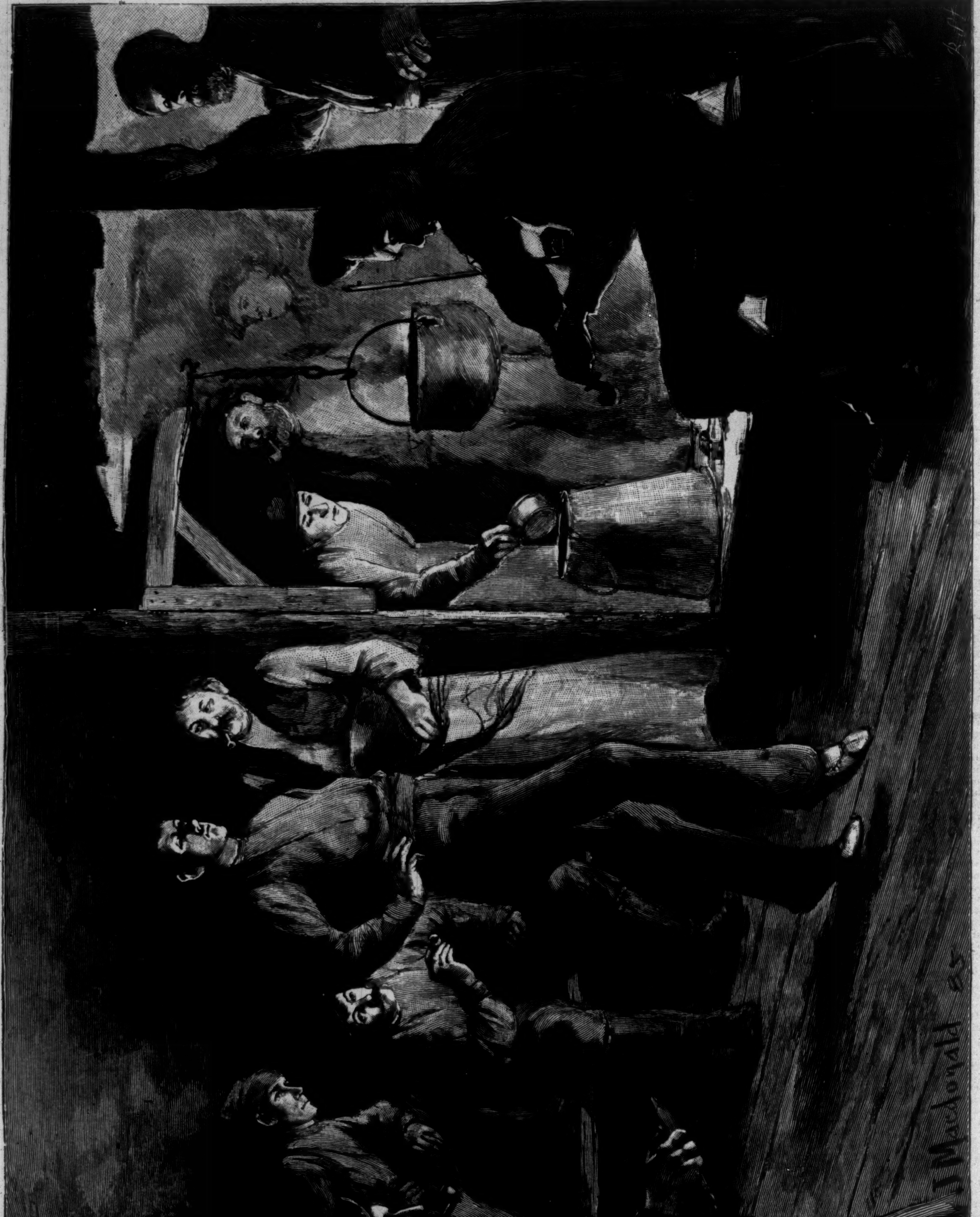
The trustees of Cornell University having purchased the law library (containing 4100 volumes) of the late Merritt King, it is reported that the university is to have a law department. The establishment of a medical school is also under consideration. The matter of the law department rests with a committee of the trustees, who are to report in June.

Two paragraphs have recently been going the rounds of the newspapers the matter of which is undoubtedly erroneous. One says that a Connecticut man consumes two tons of chewing tobacco a year. If that is true, he uses every day about eighty-seven papers of tobacco of the ordinary size. The other paragraph declares that two women in Paris had a dispute as to which could talk the faster, and that one of them on trial distinctly pronounced 296,311 words in three hours. If that is true, she uttered 1645 words a minute, and twenty-seven words every second, which is commended for trial to any one who thinks it can be done.

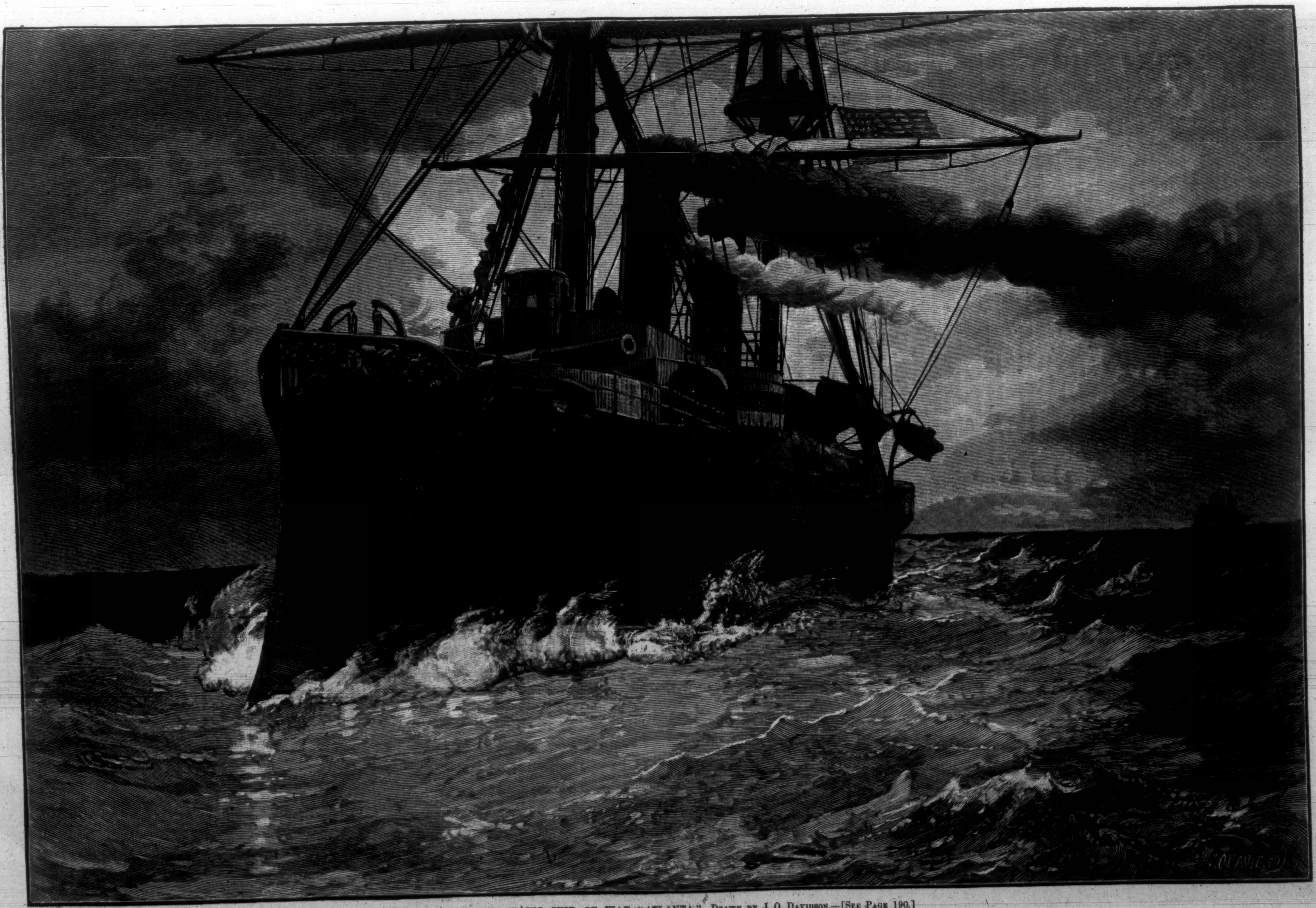

THE CHINESE MUST GO! AND ALL WHITES THAT ENFORCE THE LAWS OF THE LAND.
WE DONT STOP AT COLOR!
Th: Nast.

MURDERERS STOP AT NOTHING.

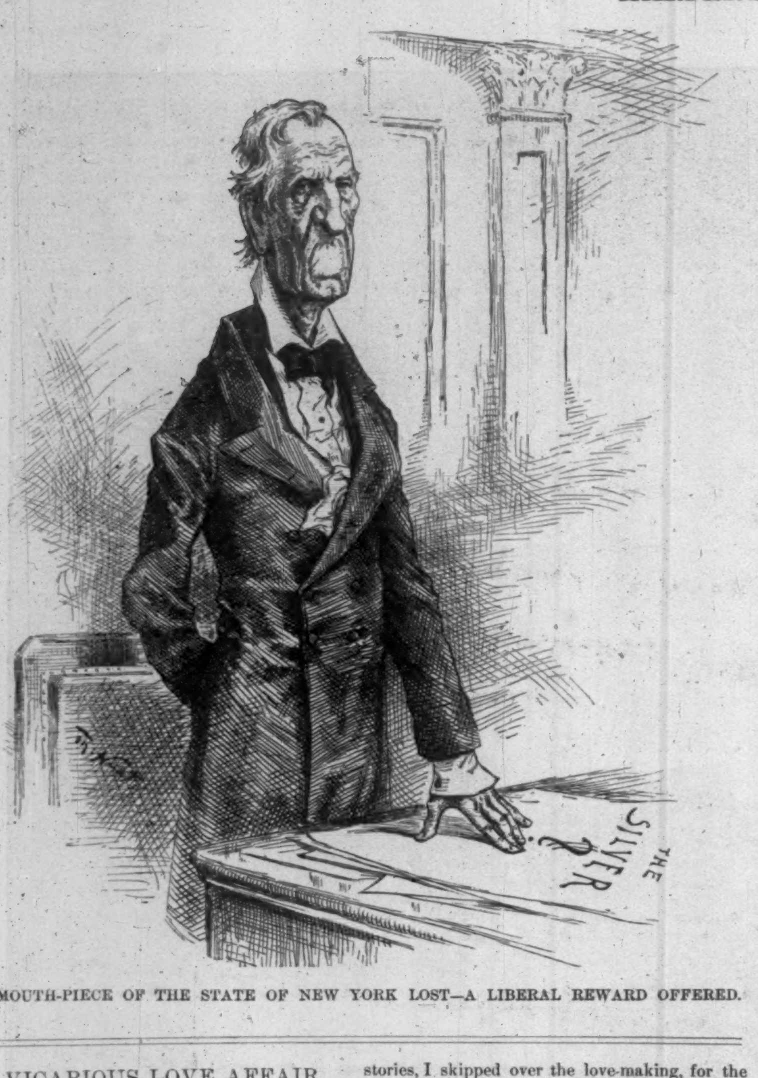
Portland, Oregon, *March* 7.—The bodies of M. Coleman and Wilson Patten, well-known citizens of Seattle, W. T., arrived here from Lake Washington yesterday. They were assassinated by some unknown persons. Coleman was foreman of the Grand Jury that indicted a number of men for participating in the recent Seattle riot, and also those who shot and killed several Chinamen at the New Castle coal mines.


J. Macdonald

A LOGGERS' CAMP AT NIGHT.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.



THE UNITED STATES SHIP OF WAR "ATLANTA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 190.]



THE MOUTH-PIECE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK LOST—A LIBERAL REWARD OFFERED.

A VICARIOUS LOVE AFFAIR.

I.

"If you want to keep up your German," said my brother to me one evening when I was cutting the leaves of the *Rundschau*, "you ought to make the acquaintance of our new corresponding clerk, Rudolph Liebau."

"What is he like?" I asked.

"Like the ideal German—big, fair-haired, blue-eyed. He is no bogus count or baron, but the son of a poor professor in Bonn. For the past year this boy—he can't be more than two or three and twenty—has been with his transplanted kinsmen in Milwaukee, and consequently he does not speak English very well yet; but he is learning it so fast that if you don't hurry up he will be of no use to you in the lingo line."

My brother and I rarely seek new acquaintances; we are set in our ways, I suppose; but although we took up Rudolph Liebau for a purely selfish reason, it was not long before we counted him among our friends. He was a singularly winning, lovable young man, and he brought a refreshing atmosphere of youth into our humdrum lives. He did not care to know any one except us, and he would not let me introduce him to the young ladies who confessed to me that they had read a little Schiller, and would be glad to make the acquaintance of the German gentleman. They tried in vain to lure him into the German reading club, and during the holidays they fairly begged me to persuade Herr Liebau to take part in some tableaux that were to be given for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital; they assured me he would make a perfect Lohengrin. When I told Rudolph that, his fair face reddened to the roots of his yellow hair.

"There are two reasons," he said, with unwonted dignity, "why I will not go in the society here. The first is, I cannot afford it."

As I knew to a penny what his salary was, I thought for one fleeting minute that he must be close-fisted, but the next minute I was ashamed of the idea.

"And the second is—this," he added, taking a photograph out of his breast pocket and giving it to me. We were in our library, and I studied the face of an extremely pretty girl, while Rudolph gazed dreamily at the open fire.

"Your Elsa?" I said.

"Yes; and her name *is* Elsa; and that is why I felt so foolish when you told me they wanted me to be Lohengrin. Her name is Elsa Müller; we became engaged before I came to America; and I am saving up money to send for her, for her people are poor; but as soon as I get a little ahead, she has promised to come over here and marry me. Her parents died when she was a child, and she lives in Düsseldorf with an uncle and aunt who have no children. She is fond of them, but she has promised, and we Germans do not break such promises lightly, as you Americans do. I think she will come in the spring. Perhaps I will go after her, but the passage costs a great deal, and I want every dollar I can earn to furnish a house for her. I look at all the little houses," he added, turning to me with an adorable smile, "and I see my Elsa sitting in all the windows, waiting for me to come home."

The ice was broken; he could talk of his Elsa now, and he did talk of her and of his affection for her until, when I read sentimental German stories, I skipped over the love-making, for the words were so familiar that I could take in a page of them at a glance. My brother was as much interested as I in Rudolph's engagement, and we talked about it a good deal; we pictured the maiden in the city over the sea, waiting for her sweetheart to beckon her to his side, ready for his sake to leave home and kindred, and enter upon a new life among strangers. John and I really revelled in romance. Our lives had been very prosaic, quite lacking in those ardent affections that we read about, and indeed until we knew Rudolph we were inclined to take cynical views of heart affairs. Under his influence, however, we became convinced that there was something in the love that poets and novelists dwell upon so tenderly; we left off scoffing, and respected the mysterious bond that links men and women together. Toward spring we scanned the advertisements of houses to rent, both of us in search of the ideal cottage which expectant brides and grooms are always trying to find, and instead of discussing plumbing and ventilation, we spoke of vine-hung porches and cosy parlors. When the weather was fine we walked out together on Sunday afternoons, John and I, and he would suddenly point to a house, and say, "Don't you think Elsa would like that?"

"The garden isn't big enough," would very likely be my remark. "Rudolph wants a bit of land where he can raise some flowers." Then presently it would be my turn to point out a home for our young couple, and John would screw up his face, shake his head, and say the house would never suit Elsa; it was too far out of town; in bad weather, she could not get to the butcher's and baker's and candlestick-maker's. So it went, he thinking of her, I of him, and he had a photograph of Elsa in his room; but I did not need a photograph of Rudolph, for I saw him nearly every day. I can hardly explain it, but gradually my brother and I came to regard the love affair as ours: it was as though we were to be married. We with our gray hair and touches of rheumatism, we who had passed through half a century and more of life without any wild raptures or gnawing heartaches. When a steamer came that did not bring an expected letter, John wondered if Elsa were ill, and was anxious until he heard why she had not written—some excellent reason there was always—and I entered into Rudolph's disappointment, and like him watched for the German mail-steamer. We had all the ups and downs of lovers' lives; we spoke of the future in glowing terms; we dreamed of marriage bells and idyllic honey-moons. Meanwhile the winter wore away, and the ice in the Hudson melted under the April sun.

"Elsa ought to be coming pretty soon," my brother said one evening when Rudolph entered the library, looking very handsome in the new suit of clothes that he had absolutely been compelled to buy. His face fell, and he shook his head sadly.

"She is afraid of making the journey alone," he said, "and, besides, her aunt is ill." He gave me a letter then. "You may read it all but the first and last pages," he added, as though he conferred a royal favor upon me.

It seemed to me that Elsa set forth her woes almost too eloquently. The aunt was ailing and how could she leave the dear, good woman who had been a tender mother to her? The demands of duty were dwelt upon at great length, but there was a ring to the neatly turned sentences that was not quite true to my ear, and I was suddenly seized by a fear that Elsa's affections might have paled in the two years' separation from her lover. Rudolph smiled wistfully as he received the letter back.

"She has a loyal heart, my Elsa," he said, "and she is grateful to her uncle and aunt. She wishes to be here, she wishes to be there, but I will fetch her in the autumn. She will not fear to cross the sea with me."

There was a triumphant look in his eyes, and he began to stride about the library, talking incoherently of his plans for the future. He had found a house; he would secure it at once; would I help him buy the furniture? Everything must be ready for Elsa—some flowers on her dressing-table—ah, flowers everywhere! She loved flowers, loved all that was beautiful, and so on, and so on, until at last he went home, talking, I had no doubt, to himself on the way.

I accompanied him soon after that to the house which he proposed to rent in the autumn. It stood in need of some repairs, and the owner promised to make them at once, so that the nest should be ready to receive its mistress when she arrived in September. Lover though he was, there was that prudent German streak in Rudolph which crops out in the midst of sentiment, and he beat his landlord down in the matter of rent as no American could do under like circumstances, and when he talked of furniture he mixed hard economy with soft rhapsody in a bewildering fashion. He was determined to go after Elsa in the autumn, but he bewailed the cost of the passage until my brother was vexed.

"The idea of talking so much about money at such a time!" said John. "Why, he will haggle over the price of the flowers he means to buy to put on his wife's dressing-table!"

"That's the German of it," I said. John snatched a newspaper, muttering words that were anything but complimentary to the Germans in general.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "I do honestly believe that Rudolph's heart would be broken if by any chance his sweetheart played him false; but she won't. I have great faith in Elsa."

I did not venture to hint my fears of her loyalty, yet remembering her all too pretty letter, I sighed. Was she as true to him as he was to her? Rudolph ran across young ladies at our house sometimes, and he hardly knew whether they were fair-haired or dark; he saw only one face—the face of the girl in the city over the sea.

In the midst of the house-repairing and furniture-buying I received an urgent invitation to go to Europe that summer with my cousins, the Mores. I had been to Europe many times, but I was ready to make the journey again, especially when John favored the plan, and declared that he was even willing to have our orphan niece, Amelia Burroughs, come and keep house during my absence. I mention this to prove how eager he was to have me go, for he did not like Amelia very well: she asked him tormenting questions about our Indian policy and the condition of British politics, and she was most alarmingly learned. Moreover, he despised a badly dressed girl, and she had a genius for getting dowdy, unbecoming clothes; otherwise she might have been considered very good-looking, although her face was too severe to be pleasing. It was John's suggestion that she should stay with him while I was in Europe, and I said:

"The truth is, John, you want me to go abroad and bring Elsa Müller over. Own up to it."

He laughed. "Well, I have rather set my heart on having the wedding here." He looked up and down the long parlors, and glanced at himself in the mirror. "We could stand there," he added, pointing to the deep bay-window.

"We?" I said. "You?"

He absolutely blushed. "I mean they," he exclaimed.

"Amelia will talk cosmology and Buddhism to you," I said, maliciously. "Can you stand that?"

He vowed he could, and he bore my remarks about his devotion to Elsa with perfect good-humor. He was relieved, however, when, in response to the letter I sent to Amelia, asking her to keep house for me while I was in Europe, she wrote that she would be glad to oblige me, but she had made an engagement to attend the summer school of science somewhere or other.

"Ah, well," said John, "I can keep house by myself. You go, and bring Elsa back with you early in September."

"Do, ah, do!" said Rudolph; and I may as well confess that it was a good deal because I sympathized with Rudolph that I left my brother to the servants' care, and crossed the sea to Germany, like the lady in the ballad.

II.

It was not until the middle of August that I reached Düsseldorf, where I was to stay with an American friend who was there studying painting, while the Mores went off on a flying trip through Switzerland. My friend boarded in an artist's family, and her landlady, who knew Elsa Müller, told me that she was a little coquette, which was just what I feared and expected. I went to see her. Her uncle and aunt had a floor in a house on the outskirts of the town, and evidently lived in a frugal fashion, but the tiny parlor was as neat as it was stiff. Elsa proved to be even prettier than her picture had represented her, a demure, dark-eyed creature, who greeted me with shy smiles, and begged me to tell her all about Rudolph. When I said that he had a house waiting for her, her face lengthened; but when I asked if she were ready to go to America next month, she actually shuddered.

"It is so very far," she murmured, clasping her hands in despair. "And the waves run so high."

Doubtless a man would have admired her as she sat there, looking piteously out of her large, soft eyes, but I wanted to box her ears. Her aunt came in, a buxom dame of forty, who laughed when I inquired solicitously after her health.

"My health is always good, thank God," she said. "I have not been ill since I was a little child."

Then I knew Elsa had fibbed; but although she was not worthy of the honest, faithful Rudolph, I felt so sorry for him that I tried to excite her interest in him by telling her of his prosperity, and enlarging upon the beauty of the house awaiting her. She and her aunt exchanged a quick glance.

"Rudolph Liebau will get on in the world," said the aunt. "He comes of thrifty people."

"Yes," chimed in Elsa; "and I do not see why he went to America. He was doing very well in the bank at Cologne, and Cologne is a fine town."

She would like to have lived in Cologne, that was clear, and I had a notion that when she engaged herself to Rudolph she had no idea that he would seek his fortune in America. I saw her one evening at an out-door concert, in company with her aunt and uncle and a long-haired young man who languished over her in such a lackadaisical fashion that some English tourists near me pointed to him as a typical German lover. He was her second cousin—a *genre* painter, so my friend's landlady told me; and the landlady looked very solemn too, for she knew that Elsa was engaged, and a betrothal in Germany is almost as sacred and binding a tie as marriage.

"The aunt and uncle are a good deal to blame," she added; "they want to keep her near them; but Rudolph Liebau ought to be told of her scandalous conduct."

I could not tell him; I could not even write to my brother about it; for, remembering his affection for Elsa, I shrank from wounding his feelings; and, too, I hoped that Elsa would in the end prove faithful to her engagement. Moreover, in his last letter, John had said that business compelled him to start for the West at once; he did not want to go, but he must, and would be absent a month, and in a month I should see Rudolph myself. In desperation I went to the Müllers', and besought Elsa to promise to go to America with me. I pleaded, I begged, I painted the future in brilliant tints, I almost went on my knees to her; and she sighed, rolled up her eyes, wept, but would make no promises. I had an interview with the aunt, another with the uncle. I saw Elsa again; and at last I turned upon all three, and in more vigorous German than I supposed I could muster I called them false, fickle, wicked people. I cast them off forever, and I am bound to add that they looked very much relieved when I said I would never darken their door again.

When I joined the Mores in Frankfort, a few days later, I found two letters awaiting me, one from my brother, dated at Chicago. There was not a word of news in it, no mention of domestic concerns, no answer to sundry anxious questions of mine about the cook; nothing but Elsa, Elsa, Elsa up and down four pages. She had not written lately (to Rudolph, of course), and he was afraid she was ill. That letter I tore up in exasperation, and did not even think of sending an answer. The other was a curt one from Rudolph. He too said he had not heard from Elsa for some time past, and he begged me to inform him whether he might expect her or not. Until he knew definitely he would take no further steps toward preparing the house to receive her. It was a sad, desperate letter, and before I answered it I wrote and implored Elsa to meet me in Hamburg in time to sail for New York on September 3. Up to the very last minute I looked for her or a line from her, and consequently did not write to Rudolph, but she neither appeared nor vouchsafed me a note, and during the homeward voyage I paced the decks, making soft, consoling speeches to poor Rudolph.

The steamer reached New York a day sooner than it was expected, and as I was not sure that my brother had yet returned home, I thought it hardly worth while to telegraph to him. I had no trouble getting my trunks through the custom-house, and I managed to catch the six-o'clock train up the river. In the drawing-room car I met one of my neighbors, a jocose old gentleman, who told me that my brother had returned from the West a few days ago. He assured me that the house was safe and sound, and that everything had run smoothly in my absence. I asked him if he had seen our friend Rudolph Liebau lately.

"The good-looking young German?" he said. "Yes; I see him almost every day. He has pined sadly during your absence; lost twenty pounds, I guess. He used to be one big smile, but now he is as doleful as possible; goes about with his eyes on the ground, and I think he was ill for a week or two."

I asked no more questions, for the old gentleman was inclined to lay the cause of Rudolph's despondency at my door, to make jokes and poke fun, and I felt in no mood to laugh with him. I understood the German temperament so well, with its tendency to melancholy, that I feared the effect of the bad news on Rudolph. It was not until I reached Newbroek that I remembered that I had not sent a message to our coachman, and so there was no carriage awaiting me, and the hackmen were all engaged; but it was early in the evening, hardly eight o'clock, and the idea of walking home alone did not alarm me in the least. As I turned into our street I saw a man approaching slowly, and I recognized my brother.

"John!" I cried.

He stared at me. "But where is Elsa?" he asked.

"She would not come. She has another lover. She does not mean to marry Rudolph at all."

"Another lover! Does not mean to marry Rudolph!" he repeated.

I took his arm, and we walked a little way in silence, meeting young couples sauntering to nowhere in particular, as young couples do on a warm, starlit evening. Finally I told my brother the whole story, and when I had done, he said:

"Her uncle and aunt have persuaded Elsa that she will be happier in Germany; but I am afraid she will be sorry some day that she yielded to the old folks' wishes, instead of following the dictates of her own heart. And yet maybe it is all for the best. Poor Elsa! poor child!"

I did not try to convince him that she had no heart, for I saw that he was deeply hurt. We passed Rudolph's boarding-house, where the landlady's daughter was playing the jingling tunes on a piano that landladies' daughters always play, and the tears came to my eyes at the thought of the poor unhappy boy.

"Has he heard from her lately?" I asked.

My brother's arm twitched. "I will tell you all about it when we get home. I could not bear to write, and, besides, I hoped against hope up to the very last; but I warn you, dear, that what I have to tell will make you unhappy."

I shivered. I was unhappy enough already. What was I to say to Rudolph—I who had promised to bring Elsa to him safely? How could I tell him that her scandalous flirtation was the subject of gossip in Düsseldorf?

Our house came in sight, all the windows standing wide open, and dim lights shining out here and there. When John and I went up on the piazza I glanced through the long windows into the parlors—for the servants had not closed the shutters, of course—and I saw Rudolph and my niece, Amelia Burroughs, sitting side by side on the sofa, holding hands, and gazing at each other with fond, sad eyes. I stopped, because I was too amazed to stir, and I heard him say, in pathetic, broken English:

"She has not written; I do not think she will come. It may be that she cares for me no more. We were so young! I did not understand my own heart; but now—" He looked eloquently at Amelia, and she sighed. "I have tried to find out whether she would come," he continued. But I turned away from the window then.

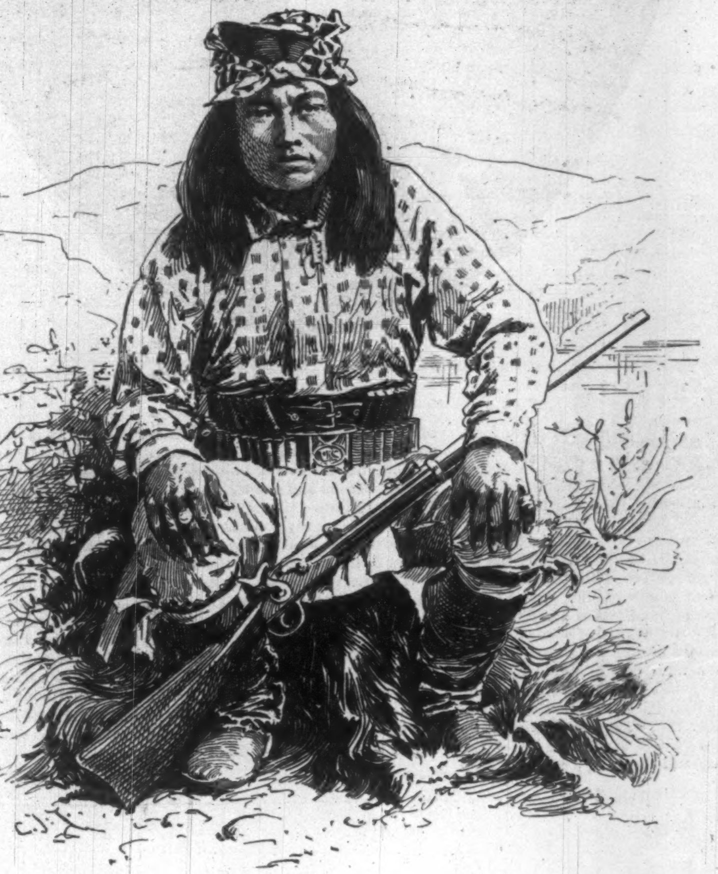
"How long has Amelia been here?" I asked my brother, in a whisper.

"All summer, though she came meaning to stay only a week. I did not suspect it at first, and I refused to believe it. I talked to Rudolph—I might as well have talked to a stone wall. I could not write to you, and besides, Amelia kept saying that she must go; she had promised to attend the summer school of science, and I thought, once she was out of the way, Rudolph would remember Elsa. When I started for the West she had her trunks packed, ready to leave the next morning, but she staid."

"Evidently," I said, as he rang the bell fiercely to warn the pair on the sofa.

Rudolph married Amelia—she had led him into it; and Elsa married the *genre* painter; and they all sent each other wedding presents; and everybody was happy, except my brother and me; but we had loved too deeply, trusted too entirely, for the wounds in our hearts to heal.

CHARLOTTE DUNNING.



"DUTCHY."

WHEN Captain CRAWFORD, of the Third Cavalry, U.S.A., was killed when in pursuit of GERONIMO, he was attended by the famous scout "Dutchy." He quickly laid his dead master on the ground, took aim at the Mexican who had shot him, and killed him. Then he finished his work of vengeance by killing the commanding officer of the Mexican detachment to which the slayer of Captain CRAWFORD belonged.

"Dutchy" is an Apache. Formerly he was one of GERONIMO's band, and one of its most desperate members. When the band submitted, three years ago, to General CROOK, "Dutchy" showed that his peace-making was sincere by entering the service of the United States cavalry as a scout. On many occasions he had shown his attachment to Captain CRAWFORD. He turned the knowledge and skill and daring that had made him a formidable foe to such good use for his new master that he became famous before he avenged his death. He boasts that he never missed his mark, whether it were enemy or game. The scout of Indian romance is now rarely met. The fewness of the hostile Indians, and the comparative smallness of the area the topography of which is not accurately laid down on the war maps, have taken the old-fashioned scout's occupation away. Of those that are left there is perhaps not another so famous or so faithful and dangerous to the enemy as old "Dutchy."

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

MR. J. P. MAHAFFY, in his ingenious essay on the *Decay of Modern Preaching*, says of the difficulties in the way of the success of the preacher: "He is not to speak too loud or too low; he must not be too long or too short. If he employs anecdote, he is thought familiar; if he keeps to dogma only, he is thought dry. In fact, every sort of departure from a fixed way of speaking is resented by some section of his congregation." A sketch of the lives of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY will perhaps show that they have answered the question of the right mode of interesting men in a practical way. They have both the advantage of business training, and they have carried the directness of business life into the pulpit. This fact accounts for much in their methods, which, though unprofessional, are exceptionally successful. DWIGHT L. MOODY was born February 5, 1837, in Northfield, Massachusetts. At four years of age he lost his father; the mother, left with a house and a little land, fought a brave battie with poverty until her children became old enough to take care of her. DWIGHT must have been a hardy, self-willed boy. He went to the district school, but learned very little beyond some skill in declamation.

In his seventeenth year he went to Boston, where he was employed as a salesman in the shoe store of his maternal uncles SAMUEL and LEMUEL HOLTON. Both in Boston and afterward in Chicago he proved himself to be an expert salesman. He was brought to an earnest Christian life by the Rev. Dr. KIRK, of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church. His first application to join this church was refused; there was a distrust felt of the wayward, self-willed youth, which only time overcame. In 1856 he was admitted to membership, and with his usual energy began to speak at social and mission services, but with so little satisfaction to those who heard that he was requested to keep quiet. In the fall of 1856 he went to Chicago, where he again found employment as a salesman, and where, too, he again showed unusual capacity for business. In Chicago, as in Boston, his mode of speaking in private religious meetings was so distasteful to his fellow-worshippers that he was quickly silenced. Nothing daunted, he next occupied himself with hunting up street boys and persuading them to come to Sunday-school—serving, in fact, as a sort of recruiting officer. In this he had great success, and soon was able to open a school of his own in one of the worst parts of Chicago. Obtaining the use of the hall over the North Market, he brought together a company of almost ungovernable urchins, disciplined them, and taught them the rudiments of morals and religion. In this field he had the aid of JOHN V. FARWELL, the well-known dry-goods merchant. Before many months the average attendance had risen to more than six hundred, with an occasional attendance of one thousand persons. Mr. MOODY's tact and ingenuity were never more conspicuous than in the management of this mission. His success as an organizer created a demand for him at Sunday-school conventions, where again his propensity to speak overmuch made him troublesome. From his Sunday-school he passed to the service of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, with which his name has ever since been closely identified. During the war he was one of the Christian Commission's army chaplains. Immediately after the great fire in Chicago, October, 1871, his church and school building was replaced by a Tabernacle of rough boards, which, during the memorable winter following, became a centre of practical charity.

Up to this time Mr. MOODY was little known to the public outside of Chicago, and even in Chicago it had been necessary for him to prove the quality of his character, and to conquer obstinate prejudice. In 1872, accompanied by Mr. SANKEY, he went to England. Arrived there, the evangelists found that the two gentlemen who had invited them over were dead. At a venture, they began in the cities of York and Sunderland. Events ran their usual course; they were accused of selfish motives, were told that their direct mode of speech was not relished—in a word, that they were not wanted. In Newcastle the prejudices of the people and the clergy were overcome, and from that time the evangelists had the ear of England. From this point the progress of MOODY and SANKEY throughout the United Kingdom is too well known to need repeating. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, and London audiences ranging from three thousand to ten thousand persons crowded the largest halls to listen to this novel combination of simple speech and inartistic song. Never were the chief themes of the Christian religion more artlessly handled, and never with greater effect. In London fourteen thousand persons assembled daily in the great hall of the Agricultural Society. Her Majesty's Opera-house, in the West End, and Bow Road, in the East of London, were also in their turn filled with eager listeners. In the Opera-house services it was proved that Mr. MOODY's style of address did not repel the most refined hearers. His sincerity and effectiveness drew all classes of society to him.

Returning home, the remarkable services in our own chief cities followed. In New York the Madison Square Garden, in Philadelphia the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight station, were utilized. These meetings sometimes lasted for weeks with unabated interest. Among the recent successes of Mr. MOODY none is more striking than his conquest of prejudice in Oxford and Cambridge. His first service at Oxford was so disturbed by the noises made by the undergraduates that there were minutes when it was impossible for him to proceed. With wonderful tact and patience he persisted till he gained the good-will of his almost riotous audience. Before long he had won many hearts, and the impression left upon numerous members of the university promises to be both deep and lasting. Like success attended his visit to Cambridge. Of late the labors of the two evangelists at home have been given to the smaller towns.

Mr. SANKEY's public life has been so associated with that of Mr. MOODY that an account of one is necessarily an account of the other. IRA D. SANKEY was born in Edinburgh, western Pennsylvania, in 1840. He is of Methodist parentage, and had no such experience of struggle with poverty in early life as fell to the lot of Mr. MOODY. His father was a man of property, at one time a member of the State Legislature, and held an official position in the Methodist church to which he belonged. Young SANKEY was musical from boyhood. He became a church-member among the Methodists of Newcastle in his sixteenth year. His solo singing was even then effective, and he had been in much request at religious conventions before Mr. MOODY knew him. The two met at a Young Men's Christian Association Convention, when Mr. MOODY proposed the partnership in evangelism which has continued ever since. Mr. SANKEY makes no pretensions to high art; song is with him a means to an end, and he employs it with direct reference to this end on all occasions. It might be said that the ballad has come into vogue again, this time in the service of Christianity. One of his most famous pieces, "The Ninety and Nine," was found in a Scotch paper, but the melody is his own. His enunciation in singing is peculiarly distinct, and the song-sermon adds to the effect of the spoken sermon of his associate.

Mr. MOODY's manner of life apparently agrees with him, for he has been growing stouter year by year. He has the capital advantage of a cheerful temperament, and must speak with little if any nervous exhaustion.

THE MOODY SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD.

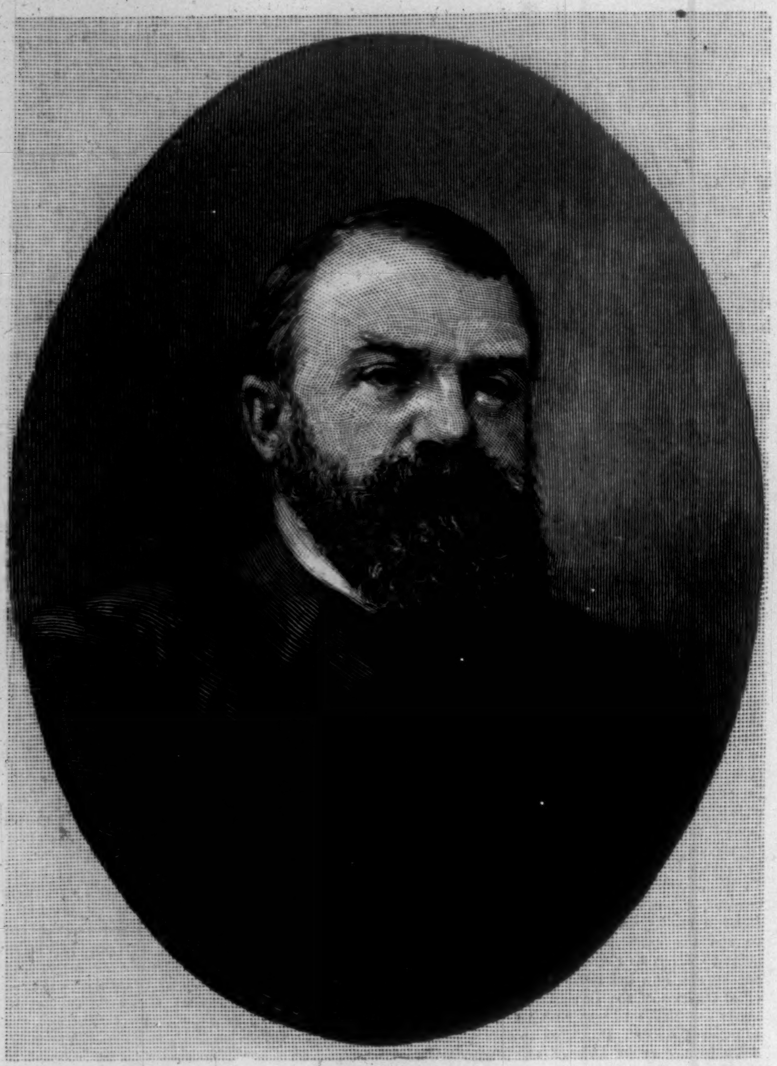
IT needs little observation of Mr. MOODY's career to convince one that he is possessed of unusual executive ability. Indeed, it may be fairly claimed that a large part of his success as an evangelist is due to his power in administration. Wherever he opens his mission he organizes beforehand all the Christian forces of the neighborhood. Many of these forces have not been utilized for years, but under the inspiration of his enthusiasm they are again brought into action. One could easily, therefore, forecast his success as a founder of schools, and one could readily predict that his peculiar views of Biblical study would be impressed on both teachers and scholars. To make the Bible the foundation of all culture, and to prepare young men and women for self-help and for active Christian service, are the avowed objects of the Northfield seminary for girls and the Mount Hermon school for boys.

To begin with, Mr. MOODY has troops of friends in England and America who, having confidence in the man, are ready to give practical help. Abundant lands have been secured, and shapely buildings have risen upon them as if by magic. The girls' seminary was projected in 1879, and the boys' school later, but already both are handsomely equipped. The place could not have been better chosen. No one has ever made the tour of the valley of the Connecticut River but has confessed the charm of its quiet beauty. The river winding in and out, the meadows that skirt its banks, the hills on either side, make a picture which the traveller does not easily forget. Northfield is at a point where three States—New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts—meet, and the scenery begins to be more rugged than in the broader stretches to the south. The grounds of the girls' seminary comprise two hundred and fifty acres, and those of the boys' school, four miles away, four hundred. The students have ample room and verge enough for both body and mind—an advantage which we hope will be extensively copied. One of the strange facts of the life of the colleges and schools founded in our country in the last century, and even later, is the small allowance of land allotted to each. Our forefathers were penurious in doling out that of which they had the greatest abundance.

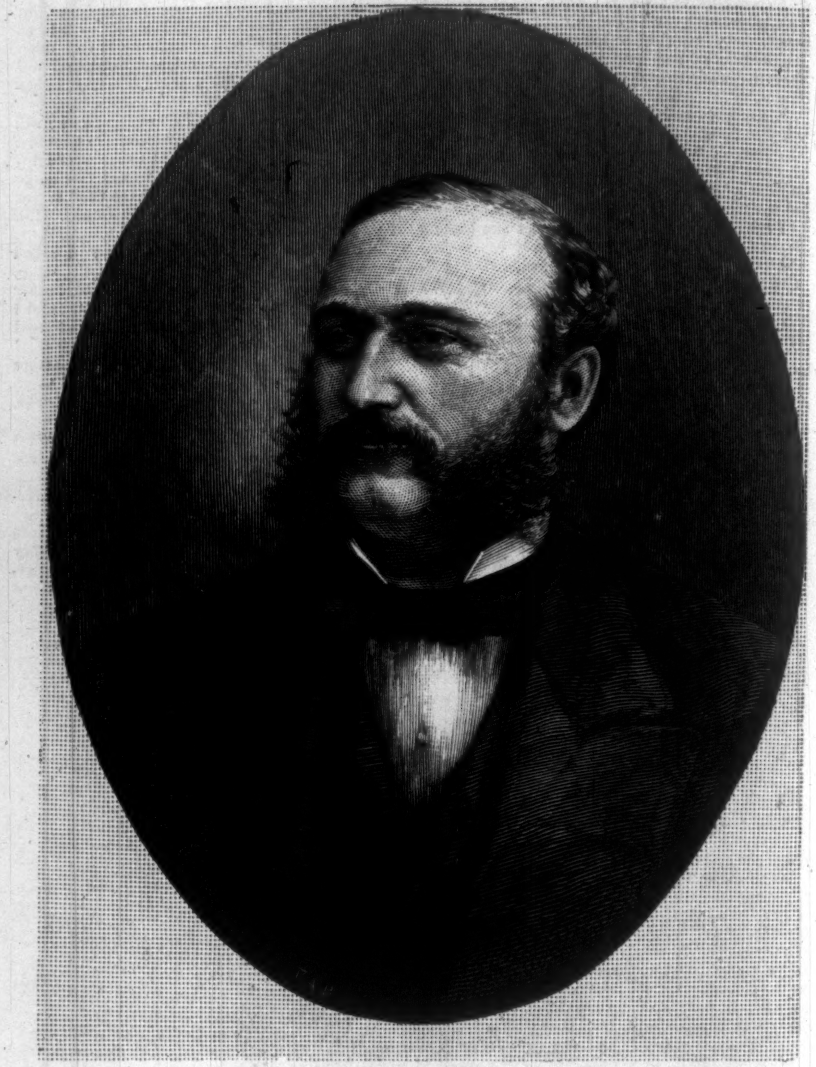
To come to details. In both schools a rigorous exclusion of applicants who seem, from habit or otherwise, to be unfit for admission, is exercised. In the seminary girls who offer themselves must be fifteen years of age and in good health. This last requisite is very properly insisted upon, for the young women are expected "to perform all the work of a house, under the supervision of a matron." It is to be hoped that the work of the house is light, for heavy lifting, and indeed all labor which ends in much bodily weariness, is unsuited to young women who spend a part of every day in a school-room. However, the buildings are heated by steam, and water, hot and cold, is in good supply on all the floors. Yet it is one thing to teach house-keeping by practice, judiciously supervised, and quite another to impose exacting labor on school-girls who are sufficiently tasked with their class duties. The results of this system in the famous Mount Holyoke Seminary are not quite as satisfactory as one could wish, although as we say this we give our tribute of admiration to it and its saintly founder, MARY LYON. But there will always be two theories on this subject, and Mr. MOODY is fully entitled to choose which of them he will accept for himself.

There are two courses of study, the one Latin, the other English, each covering three years. In both, English composition is a leading feature, but we miss any mention of English literature. Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil are read in the Latin; Greek, French, and German are added as elective studies, but no authors to be read are named. In mathematics, algebra and geometry are required studies, while trigonometry is elective. In every year and section of a year the Bible is a text-book; much time is spent on the life of Christ, which is as it should be. There are enough subjects of study, if they are thoroughly taught, to give young women an adequate education. The whole cost of board and instruction for a year is $100. This implies the endowment of scholarships, and we observe that such endowments are called for. Mr. MOODY shows that he intends, as usual, to be master of the situation; the school is not open to all, but only to such pupils as are fully approved. On these terms he ought to be able to gather under the roof of his seminary, from America and England, a very choice company.

The boys' school is just as rigorously selective. Its place, as already stated, is a farm of four hundred acres, about four miles from the girls' seminary, and very prettily named "Mount Hermon." It is emphatically a training school for Christian work. The trustees state that "lazy, disorderly, or vicious boys will not be received knowingly, or long retained if received ignorantly." Pupils are taken only on probation, and must be sixteen years of age. The questions proposed to the candidate for admission, or his parents, are of the most searching character, such as: "Has the candidate shown an ambition to excel in anything?" "Has he formed any purpose in life?" "What prominent traits of character?" "Has he had any bad companionships?" "Why do you wish to send him to this school?" If candidates for admission to our colleges were so thoroughly tested, what a thinning out there would be, and with what beneficial results to the colleges themselves! We may some day, in this country, practically apply the theory that a college or university is a learned society, organized for the purpose of promoting culture, and therefore that young men who have no real interest in their own culture are by that fact debarred from membership. Mr. MOODY's boys' school does not contemplate culture in any high sense; the most that is aimed at is a good grounding in English, or a preparation for college. The boys are required to work on the farm two or three hours each day. They turn their hands to all varieties of field labor, and are trained to take care of live stock. For work done beyond the required hours, wages are paid. Those who remember GOETHE's ideal scheme of education in the *Wilhelm Meister* need not be told what a pretty picture he makes of the boys, with their three reverences, at work in the open fields,



DWIGHT L. MOODY.



IRA D. SANKEY.

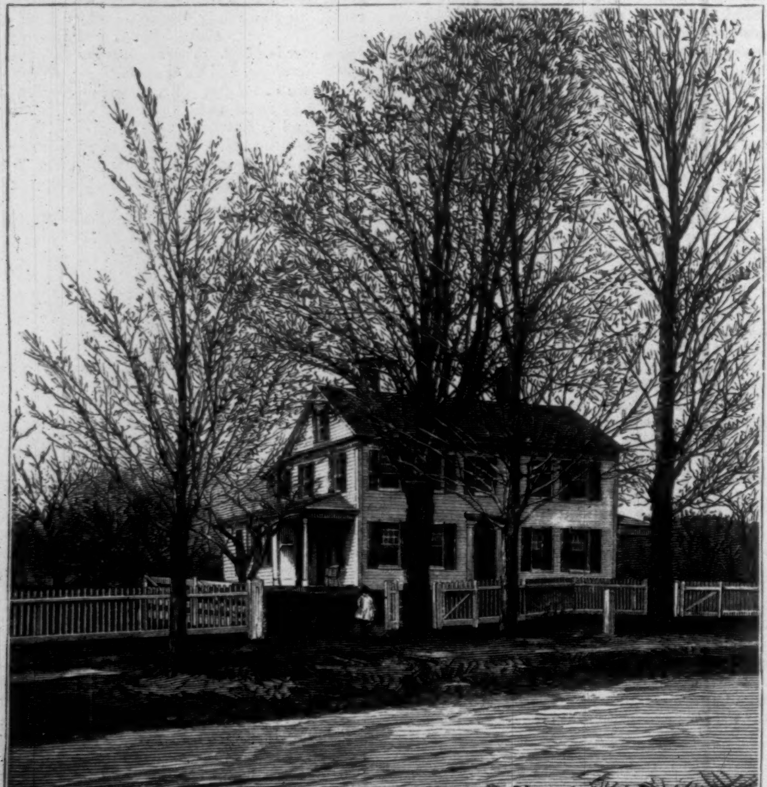
and enjoying life to the full. At Mount Hermon there is a practical farmer, with a few hired hands to help, and the boys do the rest. Here, then, is a big gymnasium of four hundred acres, and a training for the muscles, but a training which contributes every day to the capability of self-support.

Very wisely, we think, the family system, as distinguished from the congregate, has been adopted in housing the boys. They are divided into family groups of not more than twenty, each house being under the care of two ladies. This is a modification of the dormitory system, which, if well maintained, cannot fail of good results. The dormitory system is essentially monastic, and it is surprising how tenacious of life this relic of middle-age habits has been. In those ages the teachers were monks, and the students had necessarily to live apart from the world, in cloisters, in order to be under the supervision of their teachers. But teachers are no longer monks, and the necessity for the dormitory system no longer exists. WICHERN, in founding the Hamburg Rough House, laid down the broad principle that the nearer he could keep to existing social relations, the more likely he would be to succeed; "that the family is God's own order, and the natural place for a child; and that family life is the circle within which the purest and strongest influences are to be sought." What is true of children is equally true of growing youth; the more closely their school life can be allied to home life, the more surely they will be guarded from vice.

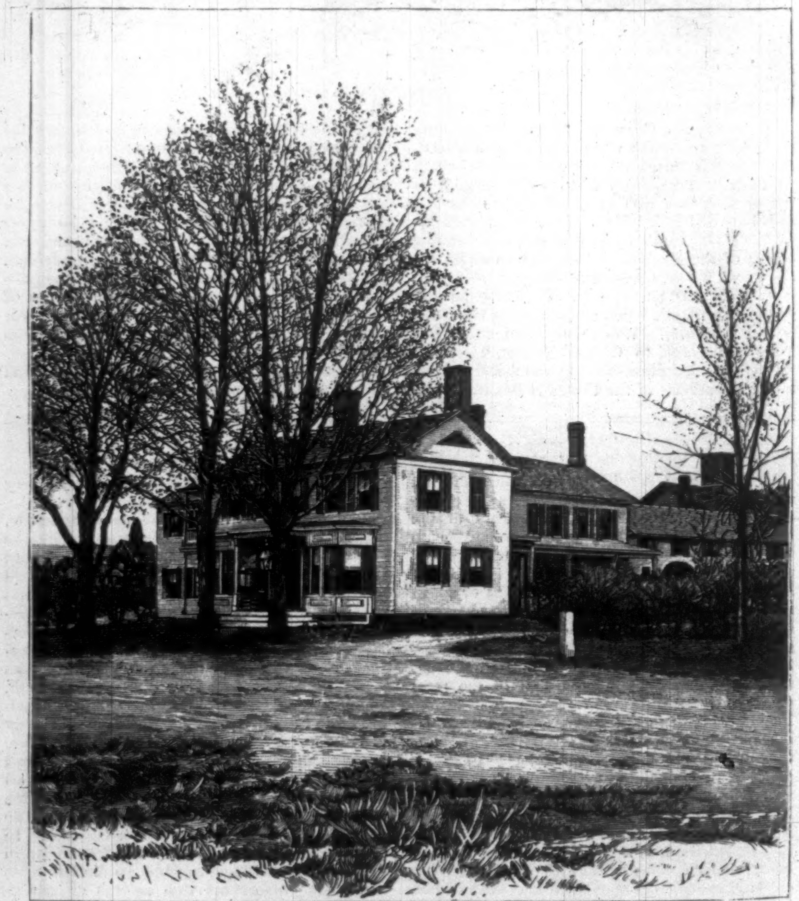
Unquestionably the education of average boys must include the training of the muscles as well as of the brain. Already the industrial school is called for as the correlative of the public school. And as the old apprenticeship system is now extinct, school training of the muscles in the practice of handicrafts must take its place. Mr. MOODY has adopted for his boys the best of all the arts, that of tilling the soil. The old Jewish practice of giving every boy a trade has much to commend it, and as we have inherited so much from Judaism, it might be wise to claim that part of our heritage too. An enthusiastic English friend of Mr. MOODY, who visited Mount Hermon in September last, thus describes what he saw: "The grain harvesting was over, but a score or so of the students were busy reaping, binding, and shocking a splendid crop of Indian corn. Others were actively employed in the laundry; others were engaged in house-work of different kinds; others were cleaning out the school building; and yet others were doing some of the hundred and one odds and ends that need to be attended to on a large farm. Later on, there was the usual evening 'milking bee.' Some eighty cows are kept on the place, and all these are milked or otherwise tended by the students, who also feed the pigs, attend to the dairy, churn the butter, etc."

We observe that Mr. MOODY is calling for help in money that he may be better enabled to carry out his plans. In his appeal he states that "more students than the buildings will hold are waiting for admittance." We trust that he will not need to wait long for all the money he requires. The school is the product of his convictions, and his conviction of the need of a Christian basis of all education is thoroughly sound. But Mr. MOODY'S Christianity is not of the make-believe sort. Holding that Christ's word is the law of life for men, he makes it the supreme law in the training of boys and girls. And is he not in this altogether right?

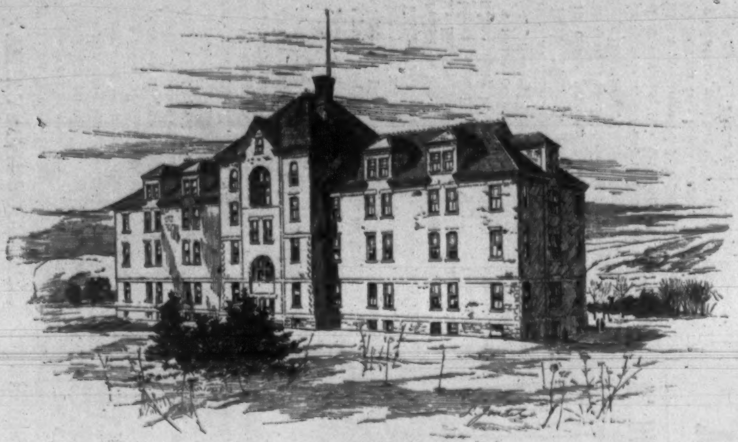
GEORGE R. CROOKS.



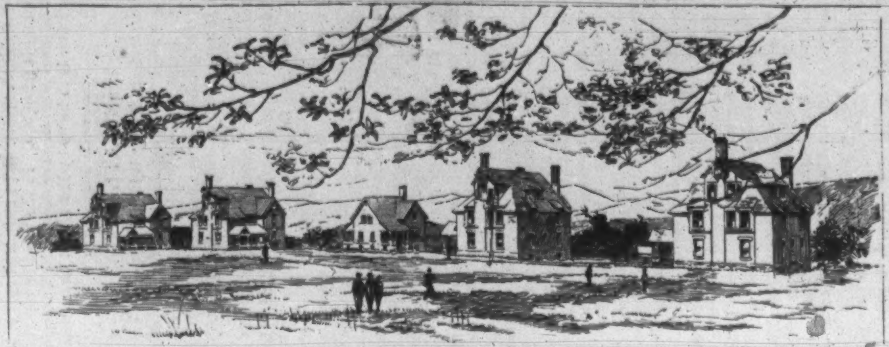
BIRTHPLACE OF MR. MOODY AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.



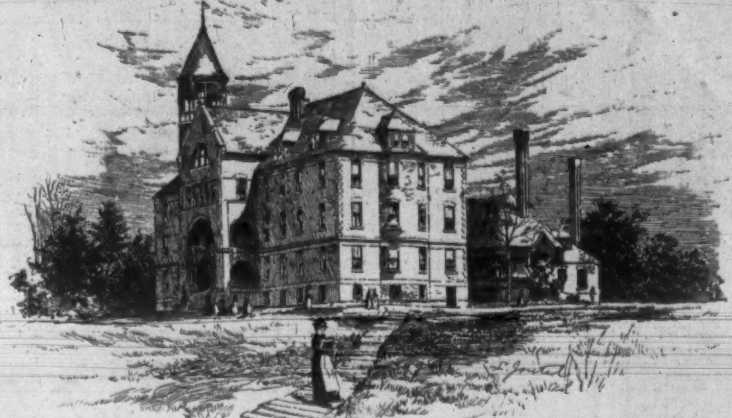
MR. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD.



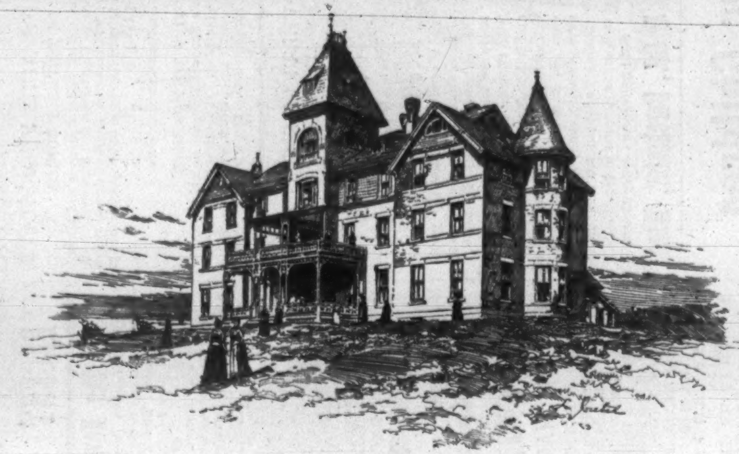
DORMITORY.



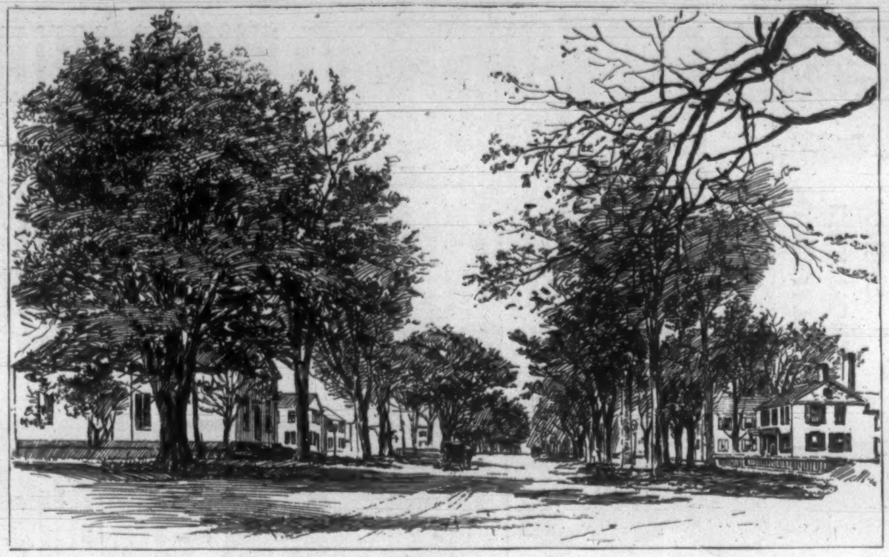
BOYS' SCHOOL AND DORMITORIES.



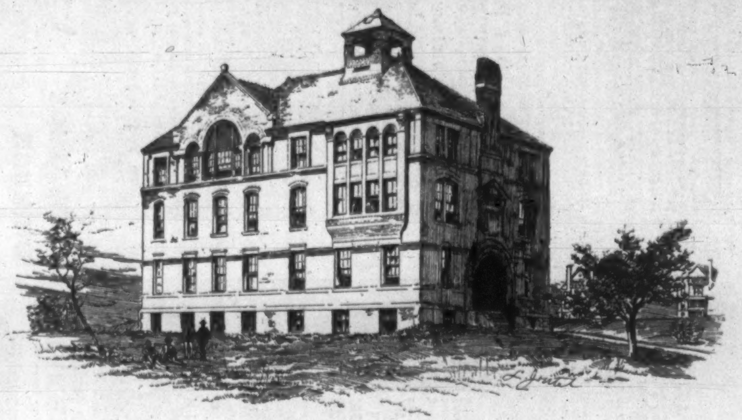
MARQUAND HALL.



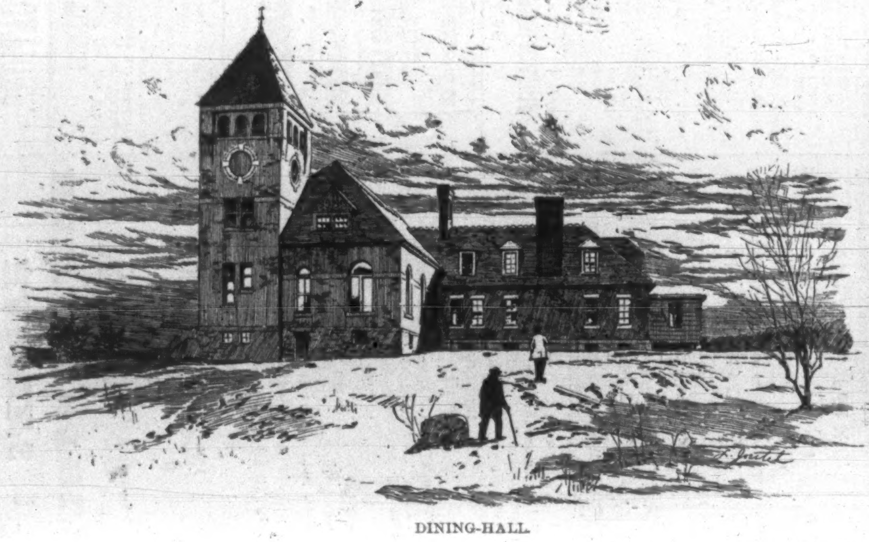
EAST HALL.



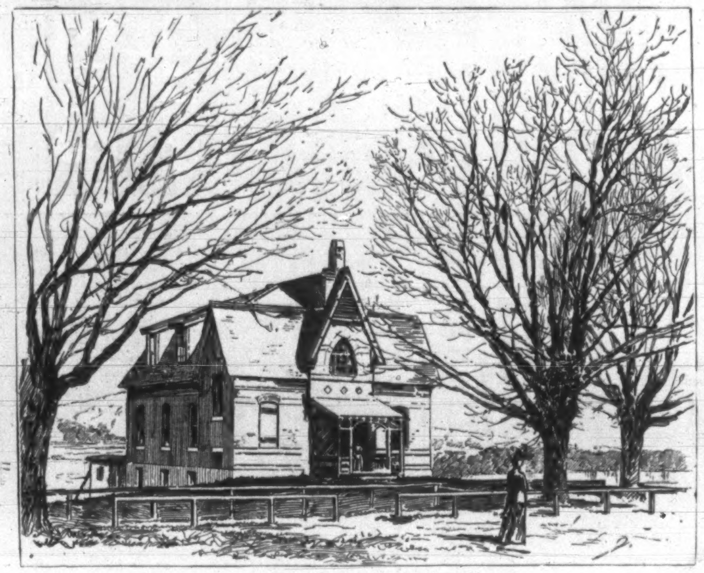
TOWN HALL, LOOKING FROM THE RESIDENCE OF IRA D. SANKEY.



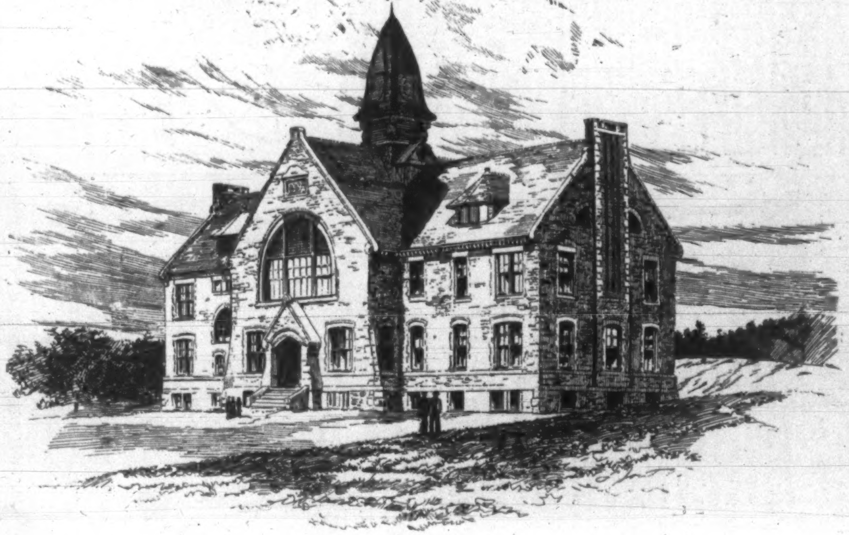
BOYS' RECITATION HALL.



DINING-HALL.



YOUNG LADIES' RECITATION HALL.



RECITATION HALL.

THE MOODY SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by Louis Joutel.—[See Page 187.]

THE ARION SOCIETY.

THE Arion Society is one of the leading musical associations of this city. Although it was at the beginning an offshoot of the Liederkranz Society, it has long since gained a position of independence, and is to-day the formidable though friendly rival of the parent organization. The first concert of the Arion Society was given in the Apollo Rooms on Broadway, on the 29th of January, 1854, and its first masquerade ball (that splendid mid-winter revel which annually attracts the attention of thousands of merry-makers) took place the following winter. Mr. CARL BERGMANN was its first conductor. It was the Arion Society which produced WAGNER'S *Tannhäuser* at the old Stadt Theatre more than twenty-five years ago, and long before the presentation of a WAGNER opera had become the easily popular matter that it is to-day. It was a year later, in 1860, that the Arion, in open competition with all the leading singing societies of the United States at the Sängerfest in Buffalo, succeeded in bearing away the first prize.

The head-quarters of the Arion Society have for years been in St. Mark's Place, but it has for some time been apparent to the members that a more commodious club-house must be sought. Several months ago a suitable site was secured at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. It is on this commanding site, in close proximity to the handsome head-quarters of the Liederkranz Society, that the building illustrated in this issue is to be erected. The picture is from the drawings of Messrs. DE LEMOS & CORDES, the architects. The building plot has a frontage of 125 feet on Park Avenue and 90 feet on the cross street. The first story will be of stone, and the upper stories of buff brick and terra-cotta. There will be a handsome main entrance on the avenue, and a minor entrance on Fifty-ninth Street. The estimated cost of the building is $200,000. In the third or top story will be the concert-room or dancing-hall, an apartment that is to be 66 by 120 feet in dimensions.

THE "ATLANTA."

THE cruiser *Atlanta* belongs to the first group of four steel vessels ordered by Congress for the navy. A second group, consisting of two cruisers and two gun-boats, was authorized a year ago, but is not yet contracted for. A third group is now under consideration.

The *Atlanta* is the second to be completed of the first group, built by Mr. JOHN ROACH. Her predecessor was the *Dolphin;* but while the latter, from her small dimensions and light armament, is only classed with despatch vessels, the *Atlanta* and her sister ship the *Boston* will form additions to the fighting navy.

The contract for the *Atlanta* called for a vessel having a length between perpendiculars of 270 feet; length on water-line, 276 feet; length over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard-streak to under side of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port sill from load water-line, 11 feet; freeboard at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; breadth (extreme), 42 feet; draught at load water-line (mean), 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,400 square feet; complement of men, 230; battery, four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 13 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 580 tons.

Vessels of this type usually have an open deck battery and a poop and top-gallant forecastle; but it was provided that in the *Atlanta* the poop and forecastle should be moved to the centre of the ship, forming a central superstructure, leaving the deck forward and aft clear for the play of the guns. Outside the forward port angle and the after starboard angle of the superstructure an 8-inch long rifled gun will be mounted in a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from forty degrees abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward, to thirty degrees abaft the beam on the starboard side, and there is a like arrangement for the after gun. Within the superstructure are six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Forward and aft the *Atlanta* will not be so dry in heavy weather as if she had a forecastle and poop. Her rig is that of a brig. She has a steel protective deck and water-tight compartments, while longitudinal bulkheads extending throughout the machinery space are used as coal-bunkers, giving a coal protection eight feet thick above the water-line, and an average of five feet thick for some distance below it.

Since the contract for the *Atlanta* and *Boston* was given out it has been subjected to slight modifications, as usual, while the insolvency of the contractor, Mr. ROACH, has caused these vessels and the *Chicago* to be completed under government direction. Substantially, however, the foregoing statistics give the *Atlanta's* dimensions, plan, protection, and battery power.

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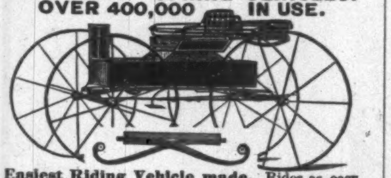

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(No. 431)

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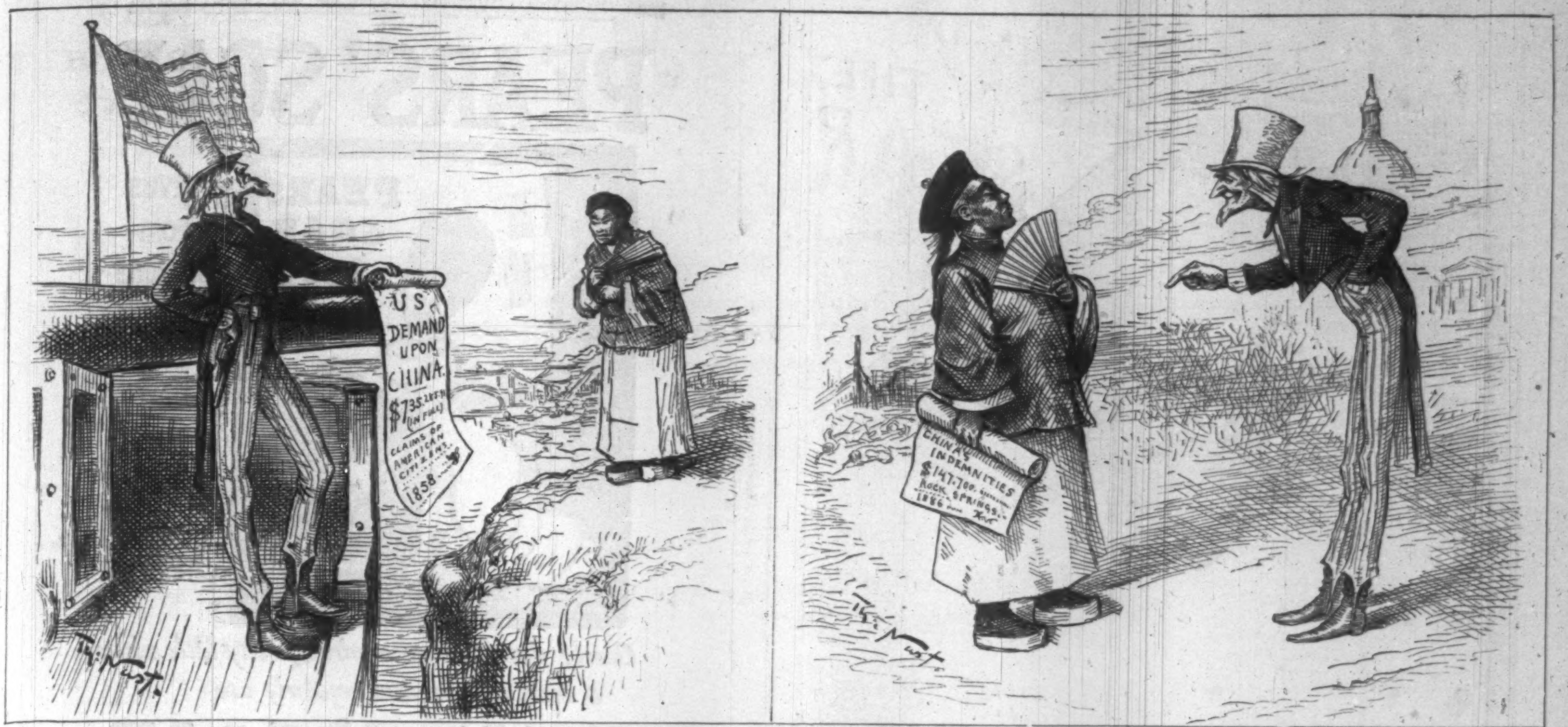
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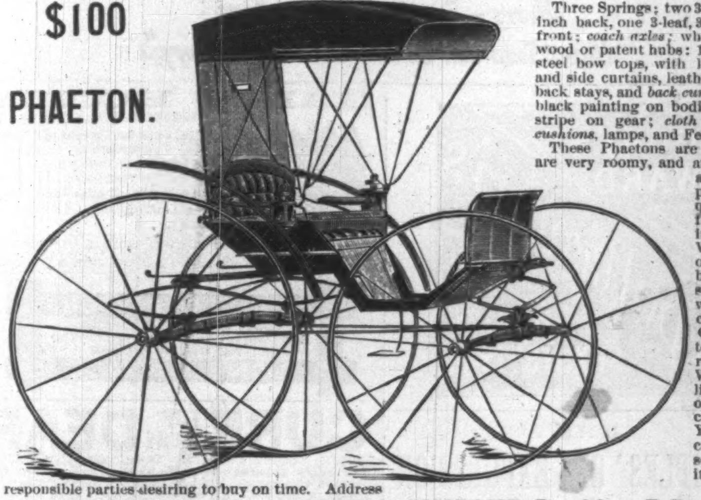

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